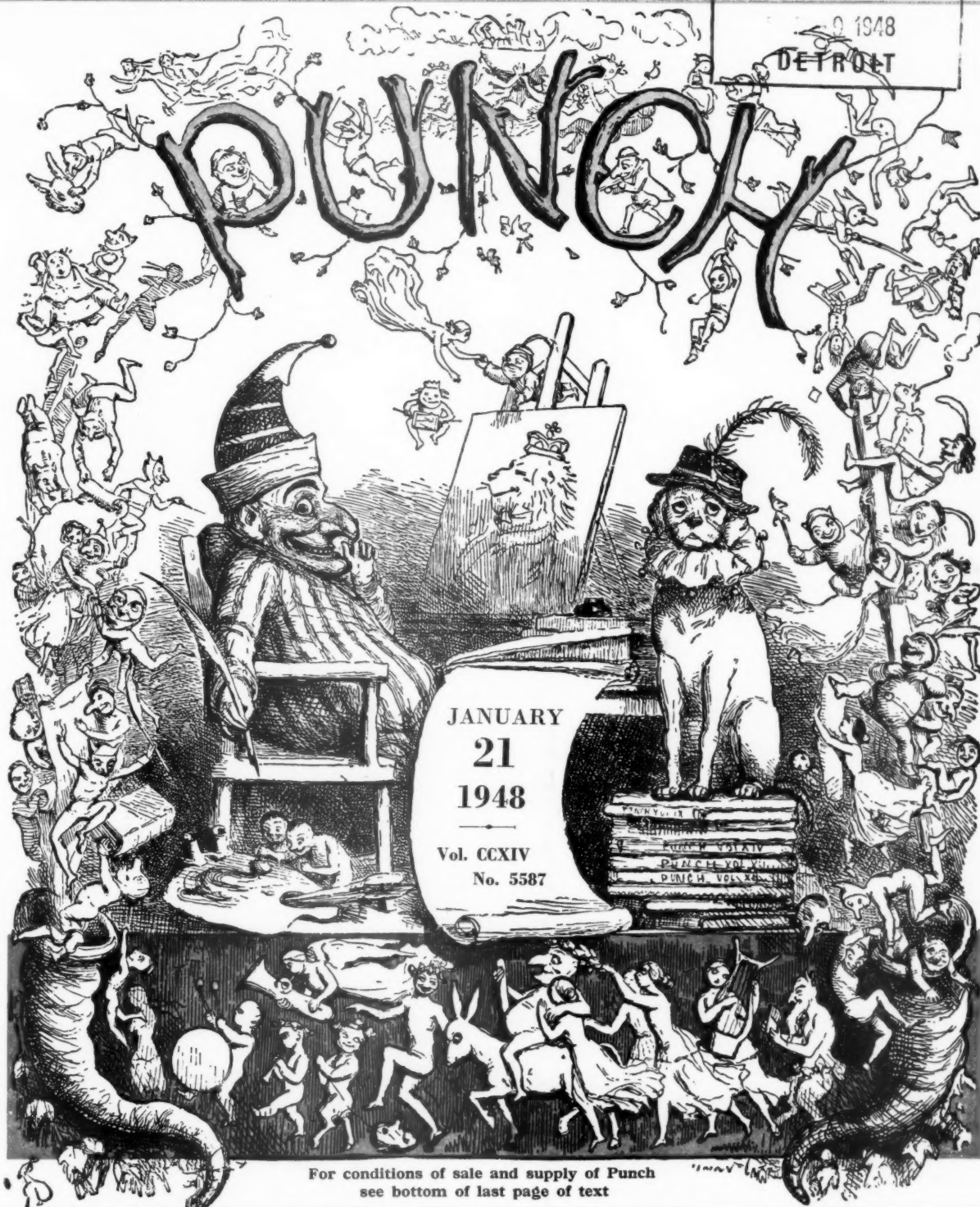


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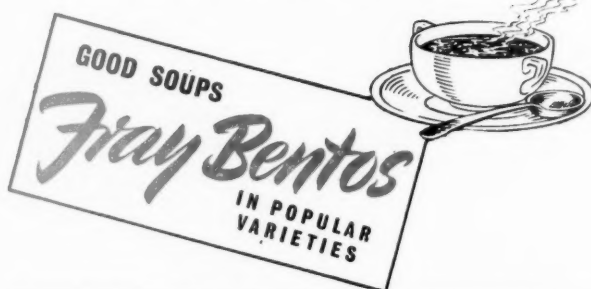


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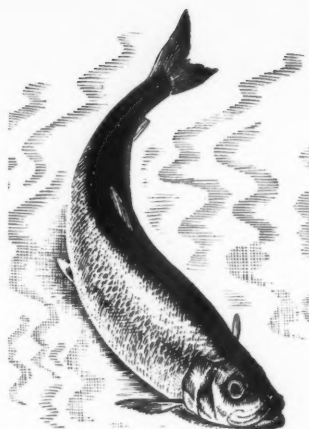
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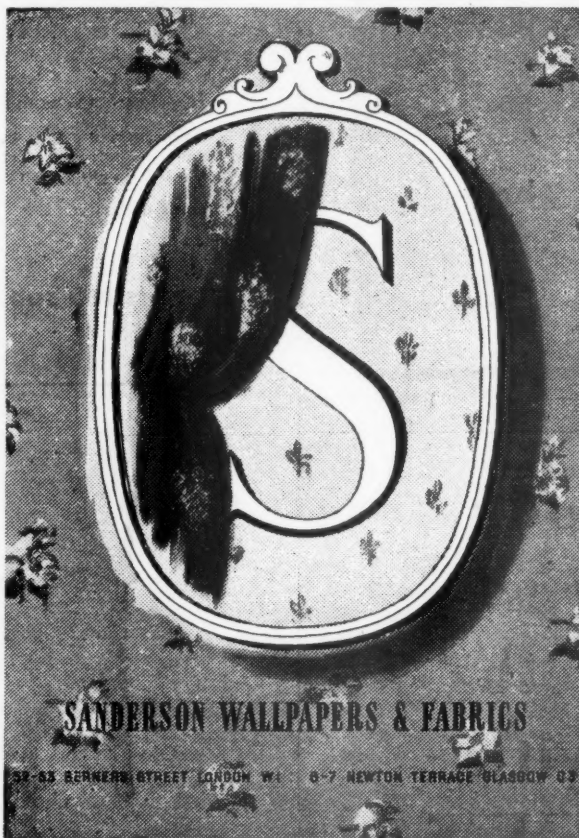
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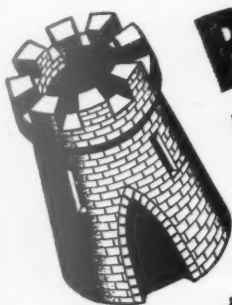
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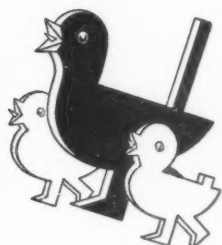


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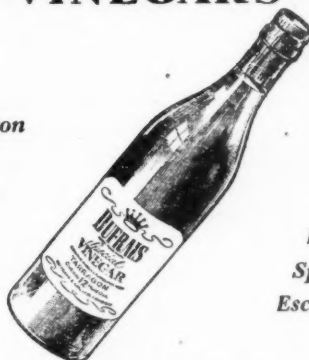


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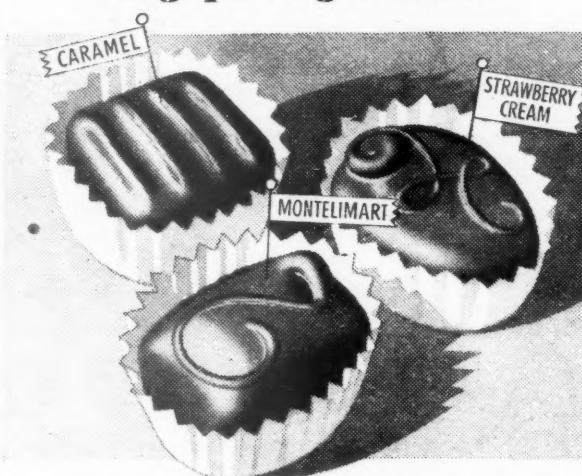


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Sponsored by the makers of

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WITH AIRCRAFT INSULATOR

H/24



## January

January is the month of Resolutions—including those passed at shareholders' meetings. Companies, firms, private individuals and others engaged in business conduct an annual review, pass resolutions and present their balance sheets. Among the assets shown in balance sheets is "Cash at Bank": it means cash when you want it, where you want it and how you want it—a reminder of the unfailing service given by a modern bank.

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**THE POWER TO**

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**IS YOUR  
RIGHT TO DRIVE**

**Of their  
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.... they risk their lives to render service to those who go down to the sea in ships.  
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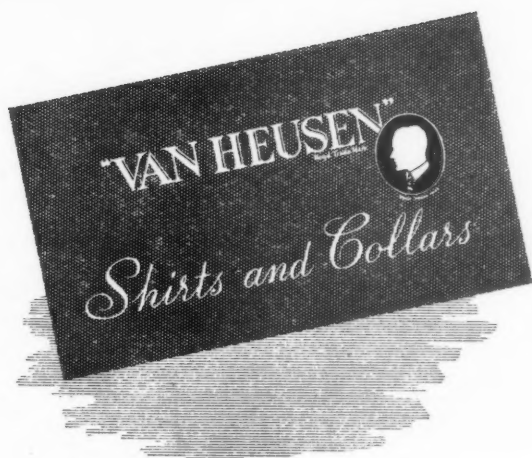
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*The Quality Soft Drink*

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**February 1st**



*Straight from Paris*

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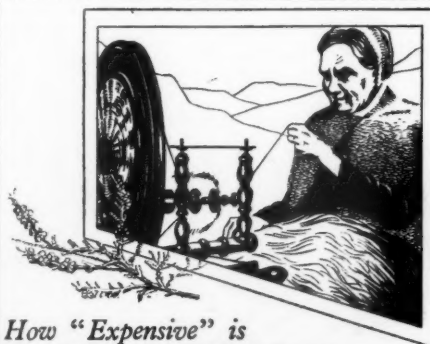
Handbags,  
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How "Expensive" is  
**HARRIS TWEED?**

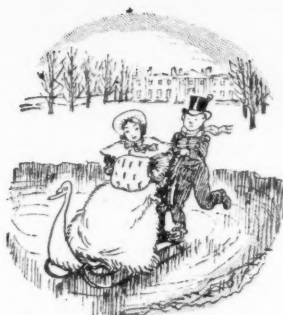
Weaving Tweed on hand-loom with the traditional skill for which the crofters of the Outer Hebrides are famous makes it impossible for Harris Tweed to be sold at a low price. But think what you get! Magic of moor and mountain in its patterns . . . long wear far beyond the life of other fabrics . . . most of all the inescapable rightness of Harris Tweed for every outdoor occasion.



LOOK FOR THE MARK ON THE CLOTH  
LOOK FOR THE LABEL ON THE GARMENT



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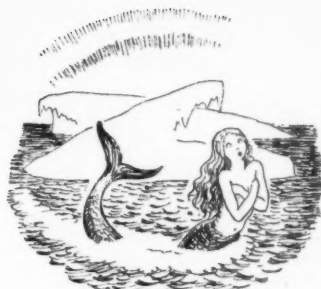


Or

## The London Charivari

Vol. CCXIV No. 5587

January 21 1948



### Charivaria

A NEWSPAPER claims that by using the tides part of the country could be electrified. It is hoped, in fact, that the turn of the tide will produce that 10 per cent. more.

The immense American shipments to Europe under the Marshall Plan will call for war transport technique, we are told. So far as we know, no dried-egg Pluto is yet contemplated.



"Mr. — can examine your eyes daily from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m."  
Advt. in Derby paper.

He flatters himself.

A man was bound over in court for telling a policeman that he was behaving like an unwanted fish out of water. Still, he did not actually say "You Snoek!"

It is understood that the Ministry of Labour and National Service has no powers to restrict the padding of shoulders with Direction papers.

Johnny Weissmuller, of Hollywood, says he will swim the Channel from France to England for fun. He would be more likely to get it if he started from this country.

A lady writes to say that if there is any further increase in the price of drinks she will not raise another glass to her lips. Well, she could still sip through the last straw.



By the spring, says an M.P., our food position will be infinitely worse. A scientist has split the calorie.

### I Dinna Mind If I Dae.

"Inspector Hollingsworth said Mackintosh met Hyland in an Otley hotel and recognised him as a fellow Scotsman by his accept."  
"Yorkshire Evening Post."

The Treasury now possesses a choral society. It is believed to be engaged in mastering the Sterling Aria.

A beekeeper applied for a sugar permit to feed his bees and received a licence authorizing him to kill a pig. What annoys him is that if only he had asked for balancer meal for his poultry he might have got supplementary petrol for his car.



### Their Busy Day

"There was a meeting of the Cabinet at 10, Downing Street yesterday. No consideration was given to Parliament's programme, the details of the trade pacts, or to defence questions. Nor was the petrol position reviewed."—"Manchester Guardian."

"M.P.s Call For Speed at the Helm," runs a heading. Now who's rocking the plough?

"It is not advisable to get in your car when it is jacked up in the garage," says a writer. Never mind whether it's advisable or not—is it legal?



## A Ramble on Dartmoor

AN old suspicion of mine that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's well-known work called *The Hound of the Baskervilles* was originally written in verse and may even have been intended for grand opera blazed into certainty as I re-read it for perhaps the tenth time a few weeks ago.

Why we have the narrative in its present form I cannot say. Perhaps the writer too soon despaired of the epic poem or the metrical drama. Perhaps, if he thought of music, no suitable composer could be found. Very likely there was none at the time considered worthy of the task.

It may be remarked, first of all, that on general grounds the evidence is very strong. As a piece of realistic fiction, even if we make allowance for the usual liberties of the detective story, the tale hardly bears a moment's scrutiny.

The choice of a disused tin-mine situated among tors, cromlechs and impassable patches of bottomless mire as a place of concealment for a dog-kennel belongs to the highest realms of poetic imagination rather than to the pathway of credible romance. Still more does the supposition that a man so famous as Mr. Sherlock Holmes could have gone down to Devonshire and lived in a lonely hut on the moor without setting the tongues of all the local gossips a-wag.

Still more, perhaps, does the very conception of a belief among hard-headed rustics of a gigantic phosphorescent hound. Such an animal would have been in very truth a cynosure, and the simplest way to discover its whereabouts would not have been to subject Dr. Watson and poor Sir Henry Baskerville (to say nothing of the reader) to an agony of almost intolerable suspense, but to send the local constable up to Merripit House and find out from Mr. Stapleton whether he had a dog licence.

One can very easily imagine the scene.

"I du be come about thickey gurt dog, Masser Stapleton."

"I have no dog."

"Butcher du say you 'm getting meat for thickey gurt dog every day, Masser Stapleton. He du, surely."

"I tell you I have no dog."

"Grocer says surely yu take meat to he, Masser Stapleton, and milkman say yu take meat to he. Us be hearing he howl, come dimity, ivery night, Masser Stapleton. Iss fay, us du."

That would be the method of simple realism followed by the ordinary detective-story writer of the present time. He would know, what Sherlock Holmes for all his greatness failed to understand, that it is in London or the vast outskirts of London and not in the remote countryside that cold-blooded criminal undertakings, like the use of a large illuminated dog, can be easily concealed.

But apart from all this, many traces of the original poetic form of the composition remain unaltered.

Whether this was due to carelessness on the part of the author, or a natural reluctance to let beauty die, I cannot say. Nor do I base my theory merely on the evidence of blank verse, fine though some of these passages are. I need here perhaps only allude to the wonderful lines uttered by Mrs. Stapleton about her husband after the great peripety of the drama (page 290 of the edition before me):

*"How can he see the guiding wands to-night?  
We planted them together, he and I,"*

which may be fitly compared with

*"In such a night  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love . . ."*

I rest rather on the witness of rhyming portions of the narrative, even where the scansion is rather free or the rhythm, as we poets like to put it, a little bit sprung. Take, for instance, the description of that very eccentric gentleman Mr. Frankland whose life was devoted to litigation and the use of the telescope for discovering the secrets of the moon:

*"The least appearance of opposition  
Struck fire out of the old aristocrat.  
His eyes looked at me malignantly  
And his grey whiskers bristled  
Like those of an angry cat."* (page 273)

But there are more certain evidences than these. On page 254, when "the nets have been fixed" and Holmes expects to have the "lean-jawed pike" entrapped in their meshes, we find that truly memorable couplet:

*"I hope before the day is past  
To have the upper hand at last."*

And again on page 280:

*"The night was clear and fine above us  
The stars shone cold and bright,  
While a half-moon bathed the whole scene  
In a soft uncertain light"*

—a quatrain which should convince the most sceptical and prepare him, perhaps, for the wonderful fragment on page 284:

*"I stooped and pressed my pistol  
To the dreadful shimmering head,  
But it was useless to press the trigger.  
The giant hound was dead."*

There are moments when we seem to hear a choir of a thousand voices, and it seems scarcely necessary to ask whether a dog which was half-mastiff and half-bloodhound could assume the immense size which the author attributes to it, or have a "cunning preparation of phosphorus" spread round its eyes and jaws without biting the operator and rubbing the stuff off.

Over and above all these passages that I have quoted there are isolated lines of immense power and beauty like

*"Poor Mortimer will never see his pet again"*

(when the bones of the spaniel were found in the monster's lair),

*"Down in the foul slime of the huge morass,"*

or the inimitable

*"It is our friend Sir Henry's missing boot"*

that seem to me to establish my hypothesis beyond all reasonable doubt; and I can only hope that we may one day discover the manuscript of the original poem, ballad, or libretto from which the story has been rendered down into workaday prose. EVOE.

o o

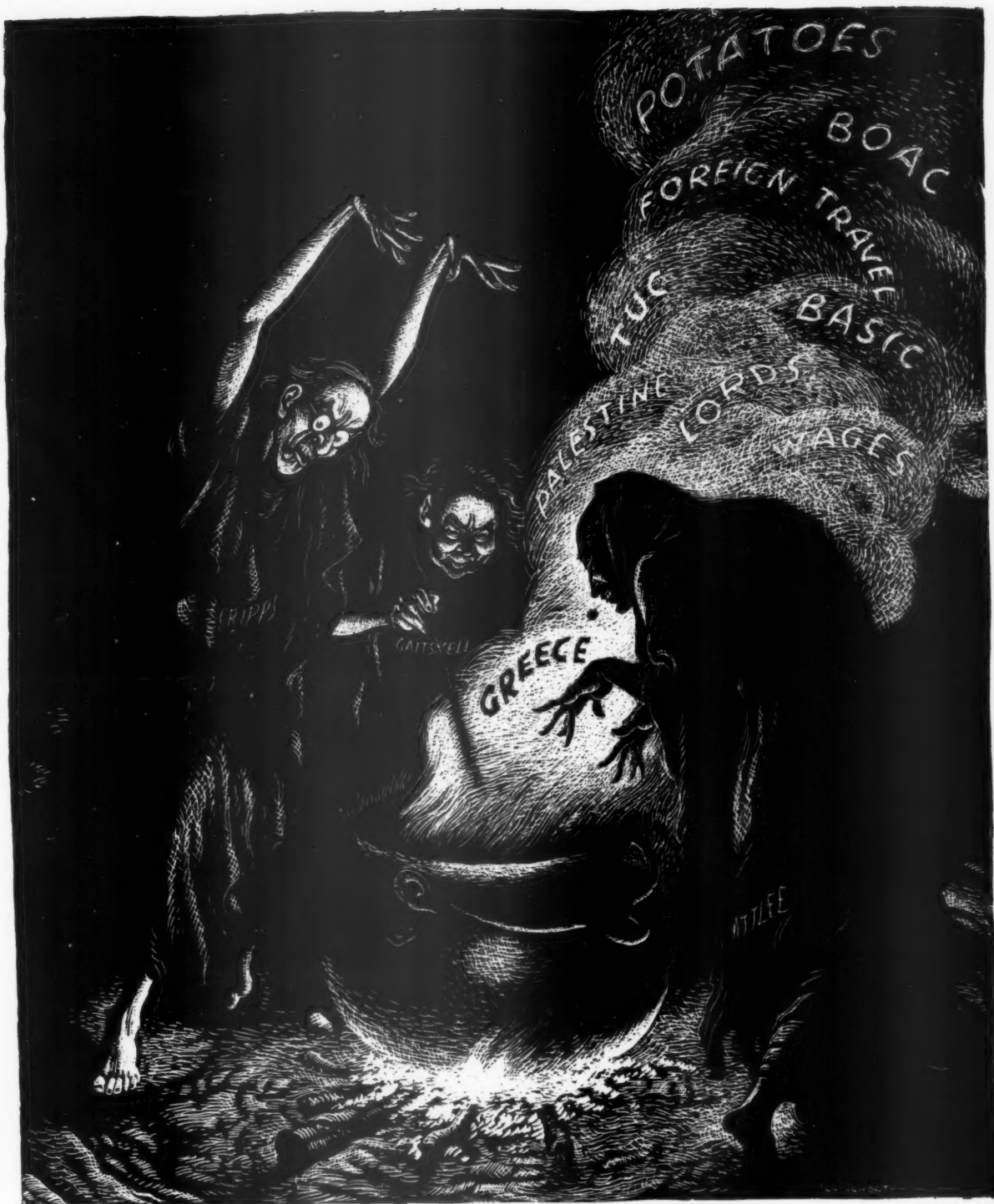
"A 15-year-old Jutland cat called 'Dut' is the mother of 138 kittens and is claimed to have beaten the world record for feline fertility, says an Exchange Copenhagen message. 'Dut' is shortly expecting another happy event.

"Total production was 1,077,243 tons, which falls short of the revised target figure for the division by 171,761 tons. Avoidable absenteeism was slightly more than four per cent."

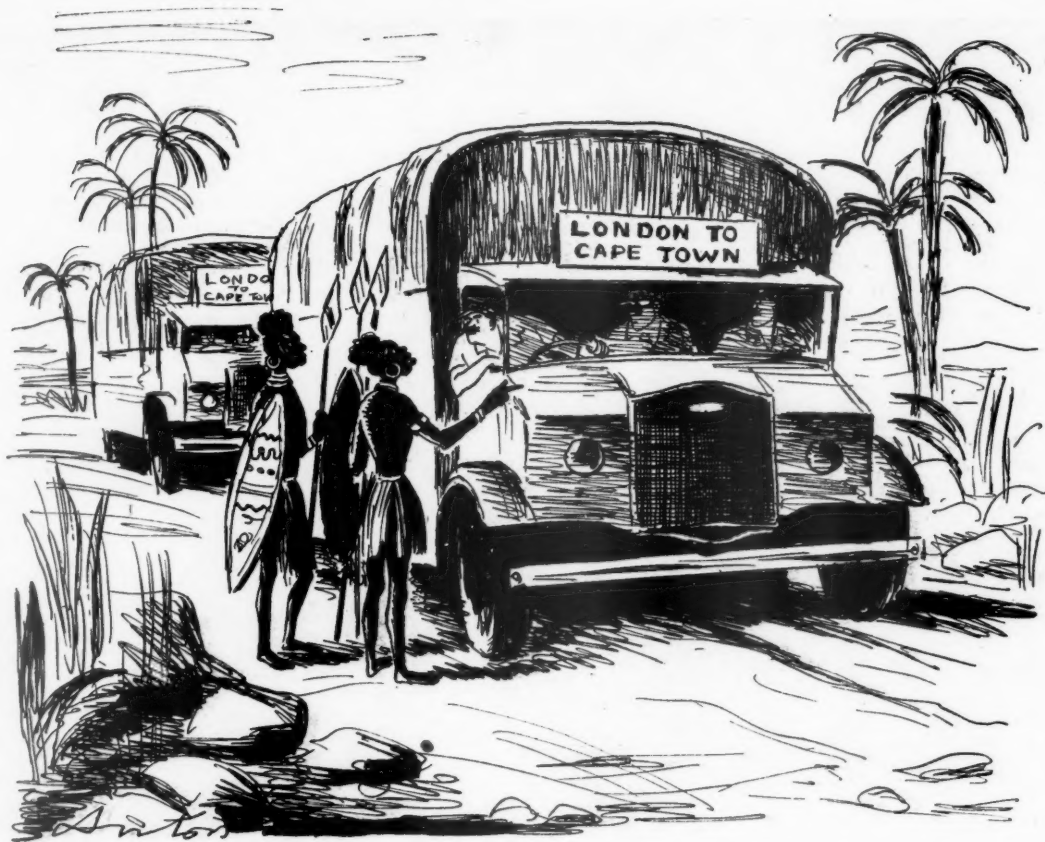
*Darlington paper.*

But nothing to worry about, obviously.





DOUBLE, DOUBLE TOIL AND TROUBLE



*"And yonder in the B'Mongo country dwell many devils and the way is steep—I expect you'll have to take most of it in bottom gear."*

### A Simple Saving Scheme

**M**EMBERS of that small, unfashionable coterie that finds itself with too little money chasing too many bills may be interested in a scheme for cutting down expenditure by 50 per cent. The nub of the scheme is to spend on any single item only half the amount you first thought of, reserving the other half for income tax.

I originally thought of this scheme when the tax was 10s. in the pound, and now that we have to pay no more than 9s. it has the added attraction that 1s. in every pound you intended to spend is pure profit and goes to swell your estate. I shall return to this point later.

To see how the plan works we had better take the case of a man who intends to buy tobacco. Hitherto it has been his custom to buy an ounce at 4s. every day of the week except Saturday, when he buys two ounces to guard against the risk of a nervous breakdown on Sunday. Under my scheme it is of course useless to go on intending to get an ounce a day because half-ounces are not sold, nor is tobacco at 2s. an ounce obtainable. To make the scheme work he must go into the shop with the intention of buying two ounces to last till the day after to-morrow, and at the last minute decide to have one ounce only. Thus he saves

four shillings at a single blow, instead of two. Note that this saving occurs *every* day, not every other, since one ounce of tobacco cannot be expected to last till the day after to-morrow. Why should it? The *intention*, if you remember, was that *two* ounces should last till then, but in fact only *one* was purchased.

A number of smokers to whom I have recommended this plan object that there is a difficulty about Saturdays, when they actually need two ounces. Do what they will, these people say, they cannot convince themselves that they intend to buy four ounces, as my scheme requires. They never have bought as much as a quarter of a pound at a time in their lives, and it seems to smack just a little of chicanery to start entertaining such an intention now. Well, integrity of purpose is admirable wherever it may be found, and I certainly have no wish to attempt to undermine it. So my advice to these people is, give the scheme a rest at the week-end. Don't try yourselves too high. Walk right into the shop intending to buy two ounces and *buy* two ounces. A man who has saved four shillings a day from Monday to Friday on a single inessential commodity like tobacco owes it to himself to have a bit of a fling at the week-end.

Or take whisky. Here again it is not a practicable proposition to cut down by drinking half-nips. Even if a half-nip were measurable with up-to-date instruments a man would need to take an uneconomical number of them to do himself any good. Nor do I greatly care for the plan some of my friends seem to be adopting of being about to ask a bystander to join them and then suddenly changing their minds and absent-mindedly ordering for themselves only. Even one and tenpence is too dearly saved at the cost of a reputation for meanness. Far better, surely, to clap your friend on the back and call loudly for two doubles. In nine bars out of ten, singles will be brought—a total saving of three and eightpence, to say nothing of a friendship kept in constant repair.

A word about wine. Remember, when you are the host, that three can dine out more cheaply than two. The opportunities for saving, that is to say, are greater, and for this reason: one bottle of wine is ample for two, but when three are present it is legitimate for a host to wonder whether a second bottle will be required. It is on this second bottle that the real economy can be effected, and your ultimate decision not to have it will benefit your guests, observe, hardly less than yourself. For, once you have made up your mind that to have two bottles of the Government-controlled at 18s. 6d. each would be an unjustifiable expense, you are at liberty to consider something a bit better and can drink your share of the single bottle of No. 11A at 27s., with the comfortable feeling of being ten bob in hand. Compare the predicament of the man with but one guest who, never having contemplated a

second bottle, cannot save a penny—unless by the miserable expedient of offering lager.

To lager-offerers in general I say this, that it takes a lot of nerve not to suggest brandy afterwards as a face-saver. And nobody ever saved money by ordering brandy to make up for the absence of wine. No, no. It is by ordering wine in the hope that one's offer of brandy afterwards will be declined that a really big saving can, in theory, be effected.

I promised to say something about the shilling that goes towards your estate—the one shilling in every ten saved that doesn't go to the Government. The point I want to make is that you can only save by not spending and you can only not-spend by intending to spend and then not spending as much as you intended to spend. It is no good not spending at all, because that simply means you had no real intention of spending in the first place, and where is the saving in that? Saving is a positive, not a negative act. So steel yourself to spend as much as, or even a little more than, you can possibly afford, remembering that every pound you intend to get rid of represents, under my scheme, a shilling towards your Net Personality—and it takes a great many shillings to build up a Net Personality worth mentioning in a four-page newspaper.

Reading over what I have written I get the impression that only smokers and drinkers can hope to make any considerable saving at the present time. This seems fair enough. They need something to compensate them for their abominably high expenses. H. F. E.

## Sales Talk

"IT'S about that sewing-machine of yours," I said, giving him a sharp glance from my bright, beady eyes.

"I haven't got a sewing-machine," he replied, "nor no cigarettes neither." And he went on polishing the pair of little brass scales on the counter.

His total lack of surprise was discouraging; but I continued doggedly. "The treadle-operated model you ordered from us," I said. "Last Tuesday. I represent Messrs. Trubody and Peascod," I added.

"In a pig's eye you do," he said dispassionately. He removed one of the scale-pans, breathed heavily on it, rubbed it on his sleeve and inspected the result critically. He was a baldish man, with eyebrows. "What you're after," he said, replacing the pan on the scale and gloomily picking up the two-ounce weight, "is cigarettes." He put down the weight and looked at me.

Under the steady, indifferent gaze of his pale-blue eyes—the eyes of a dead codfish which in its lifetime had known all things—I broke down. "Anything but Turkish," I mumbled.

"Well, there you are," he replied, a faint trace of human feeling creeping

into his voice. "I knew that was what you were after, see? Knew it soon's you come into the shop."

"Do you get many customers trying to—er—trying—"

"Dozens of 'em. Every day."

"But surely my approach was original, at any rate?"

He shook his head: a practised gesture, rhythmical and effortless. "Heard it fifty times. Day before yesterday, only, chap with a walking-stick took ten minutes telling me he was a fancy goods salesman—wanted to sell me two gross of novelty egg-timers. With a walking-stick!"

"And did he—er—"

"When he was going out. Stopped with his hand on the door, like's if he'd forgotten something. 'By the way,' he says, 'I might as well buy a few cigs. while I'm here.' 'Then you'll be here a long time,' I says." A faint, reminiscent smile crept over his austere features. "That was what I said to him. 'Then you'll be here a long time,' I says."

I made approving noises.

"And that's nothing," he went on. "Some of the yarns I've been pitched, you wouldn't hardly believe. Take the Peruvian ambassador, now."

"The Peruvian ambassador?"

"Old gent with specs and white hair. In here last week. 'I've no reason to doubt your word,' I said, 'but even if you was Bing Crosby I still haven't any cigarettes.'"

"And hadn't you?"

He looked at me reproachfully. "Then there was the man that saved my nephew from drowning on D-Day. Good story he made of it, too. 'Are you certain it was my nephew Harry?' I asked him. 'Sure of it,' he says. 'Why, Harry was always talking about you.' 'Well,' I says, 'Harry was always one to talk. If he could've kept his mouth shut,' I says, 'he wouldn't have been sent up for that five-year stretch for forgery in nineteen-forty-three.' Struck this chap dumb, that did."

"I'm sure it would," I said. "If I'd known the kind of competition I was up against I wouldn't have entered. Sorry to have troubled you. Good morning."

My hand was on the latch when he hailed me. "Just a minute," he said. "You might as well take these with you."

But I doubt if it would work another time.



## At the Pictures

*Brighton Rock—Crossfire—Quai des Orfèvres—Fun and Fancy Free*

**I** FOUND *Brighton Rock* (Director: JOHN BOULTING), the film of GRAHAM GREENE's novel, continuously absorbing and full of good things, but I regretted what seemed to me a trick

pursuit through holiday crowds of a man who is eventually murdered, is most brilliantly done in all departments (including the accompanying music).



[Brighton Rock

### SEASIDE FROLICS

Dallow . . . . .	WILLIAM HARTNELL
Pinkie Brown . . . . .	RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH
and Friend.	

ending. For many people I suppose this ending will throw the whole story into shape and wind it up neatly, but I thought it a thoroughly false note, out of key with the rest of the picture and crude in its theological implication. Until that moment, though, the film has been very good. Its scene is Brighton between the wars, a Brighton "now happily no more" (as a foreword is careful to point out), and its characters the seedy murderous race-gangs that infested the place at that time—particularly the members of one little gang, and particularly its leader, *Pinkie Brown*, a cold-hearted, suspicious, woman-hating seventeen-year-old thug. RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH, not fitted by nature with the right appearance for this unpleasant character, nevertheless presents it impressively well, and another admirable performance is HERMIONE BADDELEY's as the raucous, kindly woman whose "belief in justice" at last brings about his doom. But everybody is good, and the detail and the handling of populous scenes are first-rate. The sequence near the beginning, of the sunlit

So much has been made of the "anti-anti-Semitic" aspect of *Crossfire* (Director: EDWARD DMYTRYK) that it may suffer from the criticisms of people who find that it does not go so deep as they had been led to suppose. It is nothing like a study of anti-Semitism, and does not pretend to be one; in fact it is merely an extremely skilful murder story, in which the unreasoning, emotional anti-Semitism of a brutal, cunning tough is the motive for the murder. To be sure, this is notable enough, for such an idea would till now have been thought quite unmentionable in anything from Hollywood.

The piece is made with superlative competence, and I found it intensely compelling (it's impossible to avoid that adjective sometimes). One is not long in doubt about the identity of the murderer; the interest is in the excellent playing, the convincing detail, and the oddities of character (another good mark goes to the picture for the unexplained, lifelike inconsequence of the character played by PAUL KELLY; it is not so long since no Hollywood film

would have dreamed of introducing a personage so profoundly baffling to the ordinary moviegoer). And, of course, the unusually grown-up implications of the theme, which have their effect here and there on the dialogue.

The sharp bite of reality is constantly noticeable through the familiar outlines of another murder-story in *Quai des Orfèvres* (Director: H.-G. CLOUZOT). This is a Louis Jouvet film, though M. JOUVET does not appear till it is well advanced; from that moment one can't forget him, he holds the screen as always. But the picture as a whole is very well worth seeing for itself; throughout it is interesting, exciting, amusing and full of visual delight. How can one hope to convey to the person who seldom thinks of going to foreign-language films (comfortably believing that all the praise for them comes from people who automatically refuse to recommend anything else) an idea of the pleasure he is missing, the intense pleasure to be got from the presentation of real-seeming characters in circumstances of authenticity instead of stock types in cardboard surroundings? The depressing truth may be, I suppose, that he just hasn't got the sense to realize the difference.

No good looking for innovation in the new Disney, *Fun and Fancy Free*; nearly everything in it could be matched from earlier Disneys long and short, and matched often very closely. Even the title, for all the bearing it has on this particular film, might have been stuck on any of the others; it won't serve even as a means of identification when you try to recall years hence which was which—except as the only one left after you have decided what *Bambi*, for instance, and *Dumbo* were about. Probably it was within an ace of being called *Bongo*, for half of it is about Bongo, a little bear in the tradition of innumerable other little Disney animals, who surmounts various humiliating difficulties to win a little she-bear in a profusion of heart-shapes and oceans of pink; but even the utmost inflationary ingenuity couldn't make his story last the whole time, so another episode with familiar trimmings, a version of the beanstalk and giant story (we saw *Mickey Mouse* in something like this years ago, but here we have *Goofy* and *Donald Duck* in it as well; impressive progress!) occupies most of the second half. In the framework constructed to hold these unconnected items is a (to me) welcome note of astringency for which EDGAR BERGEN's "Charlie McCarthy" is responsible. R. M.

mpgance



"Do I know where you're likely to get a book called something like 'The Hopeless Quest'? Well, books aren't much in my line, but I'll—

have a hunt round and see if I can get it for you."



"Hullo—I've managed to find that book you—

wanted. No, no; no trouble at all—I'm only too pleased to be able to do it for you."



*"And this year we've got to spin the rations out to cover three hundred and sixty-six days."*

## Waiting

**I** DON'T suppose that even the most progressive bustlers among my readers do not, one way and another, do quite a bit of waiting for things as they go through life. Indeed, it is a well-known fact that progress actually causes waiting. I need give no further examples than the people who instead of waiting for a bus decide to walk there after all, like any primitive man except that no primitive man would have stood quite still for a quarter of an hour before deciding it. On the other hand—to show that progress is not always the cause—you get people waiting for someone to notice that they have parted their hair on the right instead of the left; I mean you get them giving other people a few seconds' chance of seeing it for themselves before being told.

One of the most familiar instances of waiting is the process gone through by those who have planted themselves in the doorway of some large shop in anticipation of the person due to meet them arriving before they do; this anticipation wears off, naturally enough, as soon as they see the person is not there, and is very gradually replaced by a dwindling hope that they will be met before the day is over. What I want to describe is what happens during this gradual replacement. First, there are the other people standing round, all of them by an extraordinary coincidence having chosen the very same time and place and all of them—though this takes some reasoning out—looking their best. I am saying this not because other people don't look nice and tidy (they are often depressingly so) but because it is difficult to imagine someone you have never seen before wearing anything different. Further

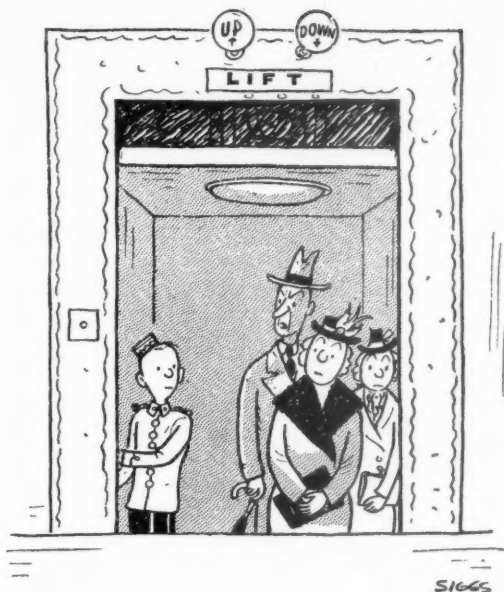
reasoning may convince the reasoner that other people are fussing over their gloves, putting their hats crooked, pulling at their coat-buttons and so on because they are trying to stay looking their best; but I think this is going too far with the idea that other people are like us, an idea held by no one who has ever put on anyone else's glasses by mistake. Besides all this, there is the interest of watching the people going in and out of the shop doors, this being a thing people do constantly, though it is not on record that any watcher has ever seen the same person go out as well as in; and of imprinting the occasion's thoughts on the things in the shop windows. The whole time of waiting in shop doorways may be summed up as a conscientious attempt at extraversion while looking bright.

**S**O much has already been written about dentists' waiting-rooms that I think I shall skip them, except to remind those of my readers who have ever been back afterwards for their umbrellas what a delightful room a dentist's waiting-room then appears to be; which suggests that it owes as much as any other kind of room to the mood of its inhabitants. Now for those little left-over bits of offices where people are shown before being interviewed. These rooms are usually as nearly featureless as any room can be, but sometimes they have a calendar as a reminder of the carefree world outside, and also on the wall (which, by the way, is inclined to be the colour of cheese) there is sometimes a mirror in which people can give themselves one of those slap-up mirror-smiles they are never sure anyone else gets the full benefit of. Psychologists consider that waiting interviewees are interesting because their spirits are as likely to go up as down with the passing minutes; they have a chance of reacting from the reaction which sets in on those who have spent a whole bus-journey feeling unnaturally charming. As for the people who call at other people's houses and get shown into an empty drawing-room, I am not going to say anything about them because statisticians say there are no statistics available. Not for as long as they themselves can remember, they tell us, have they found themselves in a house run on such fictional lines; if the people they call on do not actually open the door, that is because it is already open, with someone shouting a welcome from the kitchen.

**A**LTHOUGH railway waiting-rooms have been as much written about as dentists', I should like to put in a word about the nub, or fire. Not enough justice has been done to the fact that it is a real fire, with the red—if there is any red—at the bottom and a mantelpiece for invitation-cards above, and that this has never failed to amaze the public, however mildly, for being a touch of home among the trucks and the brass buttons. The sofa things along the walls have never had this effect. It is not so much the strips of burst-out horse-hair, sociologists tell us, as the thin wooden arms. They also tell us that travellers sitting in waiting-rooms behave just like any other crowd of strangers and friends—the talkers hoping the others are listening, the others listening like mad, and any two strangers who happen to get talking finding it rather awkward if they want to stop before either of them leaves. They go back to their books and newspapers with a kind of self-conscious geniality implying that they are still on tap, and will think themselves very rude if on parting they don't at least look ready to say good-bye.

**P**ERHAPS the most concentrated type of waiting is that which happens about a yard away from a restaurant table where two otherwise harmless people are trying not to finish their lunch. Often you get four or five would-be





"Well—aren't you going to tell us to mind the step?"

lunchers standing round a table about to have only two empty places, because it is the only table with possibilities and they must stand somewhere, and also because a crowd is more intimidating. The effect on the two sitting at the table should be devastating but seems to be negligible; they tend to finish their lunch, to collect their things, look round for the bill, and in fact behave as we ourselves should if anyone was trying to lever us out of a chair we had a right to. I know I said just now that other people are not like us; but I think my readers will agree that if it ever happened to them it would completely spoil their meal, whereas other people, those stubborn coffee-finishers, seem to enjoy them all the more.

I need hardly say that when the would-be lunchers have actually got themselves places at a table another kind of waiting begins, for they will have to sit there until someone comes to ask them what they want, and then they will have to wait some more until it arrives; but this second stage of waiting for food already ordered is shorter and less anxious altogether. It is the first stage—the gazing round, the impossibility of catching an eye which is not looking your way, the arm-raising, the leaning sideways and swivelling round after passing trays—which seems so hopeless, and is until it is over. Psychologists say (though, they admit, only because it is expected of them) that those with most confidence have most chance of success, and add off their own bat that those sitting at tables marked "No Service" have least.

I think I shall end with a small domestic aspect of the subject; the fact that a great many people spend much of their time waiting for their clothes to come back from the laundry or the cleaners, or their shoes from the mender. This is one of the least conspicuous forms of waiting, and consists of nothing more spectacular than resigning ourselves to doing without those particular clothes or shoes for ever and then getting a nice surprise. Even for people without some vital shirt the time passes quickly enough, for it is the same time as the ordinary time people spend in trying to catch up with life.

## Yoicks!

(To be sung, with difficulty, to the tune of "John Peel.")

D'YE ken Mrs. Twickenham-Dalrymple-Spruce-Jones at the break of day,  
When she wakens the dead with her laugh so gay?  
D'ye ken Mrs. Twickenham-Dalrymple-Spruce-Jones, who  
can't keep away  
from a Meet of the Hounds in the morning?

'Twas the sound of her voice brought me from my bed,  
'twas the yoicks and halloos that I do so dread  
that took me along, with a cold in my head,  
to a Meet of the Hounds in the morning.

I can see her now on her large flat feet,  
in a coat of a style now obsolete,  
singing ho-tally-ho in the blinding sleet  
at the Meet of the Hounds in the morning.

With a gleaming smile she exposed her teeth  
to the Master's wife and the wind on the heath,  
and her breath blew up like a cold grey wreath  
at the Meet of the Hounds in the morning.

With a cry of love she could not suppress  
she kissed each horse with impulsiveness,  
and the gloves she had worn in the A.T.S.  
were chewed by the Hounds in the morning.

With teeth that clacked like a tambourine  
the hounds lay down on the village green,  
there was Valour and Violet and Vaseline  
at the Meet of each other in the morning.

Oh, the men looked fine in their hunting pinks,  
they upped their horses and downed their drinks,  
but I still maintain that there's nothing stinks  
like a Meet of the Hounds in the morning.  
V. G.



"It's a pity about this record, John—this record,  
John—this record, John—"



## Wutherspoon

I HAD an uncle once, my boy,  
His name was Wutherspoon;  
He very rarely jumped for joy,  
He never bayed the moon.

He did not bound to greet the dawn  
Nor rush to climb a tree;  
He was as little like a fawn  
As anyone could be.

Oh, he was rich and he was fat,  
A man of some estate;  
Perhaps it was his shining hat  
That made him so sedate.

It was so glossy and so black,  
So free from dent or stain,  
The rays were all reflected back  
That tried to reach his brain.

He wandered through the flowery  
spring  
Thinking of bulls and bears,  
And died in misery at Tring  
Through falling down the stairs.

Oh, Wutherspoon  
Was rich and fat,  
But what of that?  
He died too soon.  
Is life a boon  
If you and I  
Must also die  
Like Wutherspoon?

One night I wot  
He fell downstairs

And all his shares  
Availed him not;  
So rich and fat  
He was brought low;  
He said Ha! Ho!  
And that was that.

So you must not repine, my boy,  
Nor envy Wutherspoon;  
And you must often jump for joy,  
And you must bay the moon;

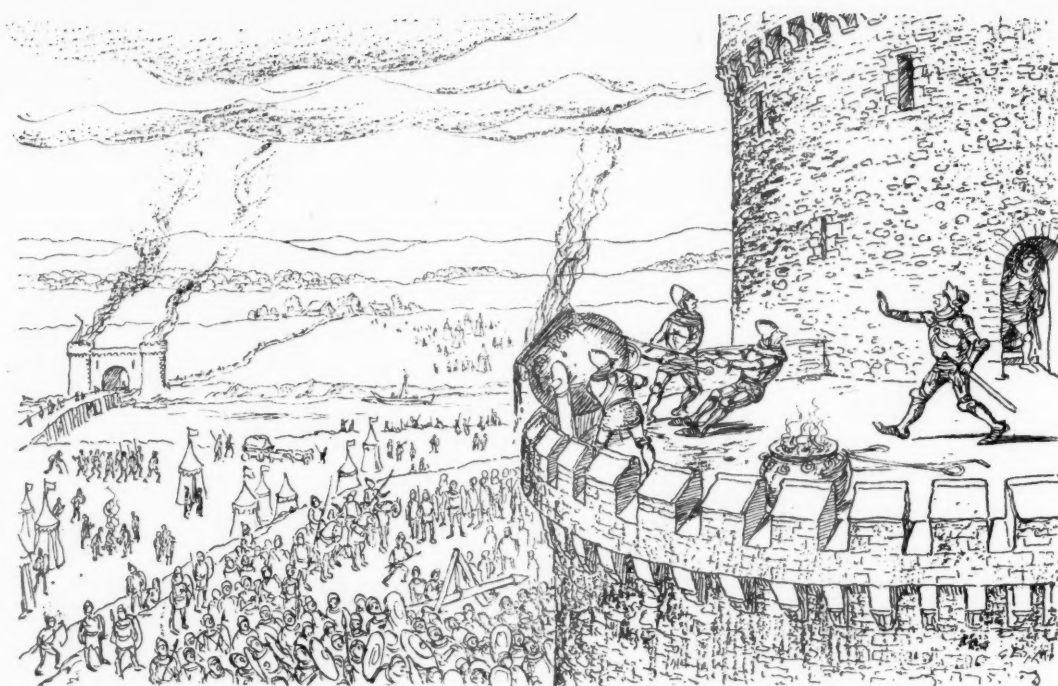
And you must greet the flowery  
spring  
Without a thought of shares,  
And when you go to visit Tring  
Be careful of the stairs.



**DOTHEBOYS HALL**

"It still tastes awful."





*"Easy with that oil—remember, every drop we use has to be imported."*

## Stuck

or Twenty Questions, Marshal Tito, Four Dutch Sailors, Miss Tjaak Smit and others

**W**HEN you are alone in a lift which suddenly stops between two floors you think quickly, especially if you have just been reading about four Dutch sailors who got trapped in a lift at the Netherlands Embassy with Miss Tjaak Smit (who gave the story to the Press) and three other girls, and about Marshal Tito who didn't get trapped in a lift at the Parliament building in Budapest.

You wish that you were not alone, that you had Miss Smit and her party to play Twenty Questions with, which is what they did at the Netherlands Embassy. However, you would only have been gooseberry, come to think of it, and you can in any case play the game by yourself, right here. The first question is: How long will it take to get the N.F.S. and their hand-winding gear? Will you still be here after seven and a half hours, like Miss Smit and her party? Will you be sick to death of distant cries, away down the shaft, of "Pull on your end, Charlie," and, "Stand away, the cable's giving"?

Question Number Four (don't think you can cheat yourself): How can

you attract the attention of all the knees passing up and down the staircase a foot or two from your face? Could you really bring yourself to cry "Help"? No, you could not. It sounds silly. Should you try clearing your throat loudly? (Number six, that.) Or coughing? (Seven.) Yes, you should. You do. The knees take no notice. What is the matter with them? Are they animal, vegetable or mineral? Or merely selfishly intent on their own affairs? (Ten.)

Question Number Eleven: Quite apart from the inconvenience of being here for seven and a half hours, how much danger—that is (you're using up your questions extravagantly), the element of actual danger must be considered; the lift may be jammed securely, or it may be hanging by a steel thread; if whatever is holding the lift up suddenly lets it down and it descends with a bang to the third basement, could you by adroit judgment leap into the air at the exact moment of impact, thus escaping with nothing more than a blow on the top of the head? Or (Question Number Twelve) would the lift jump too?

You realize that whenever you have travelled in a lift you have half expected it to get stuck, but now you are surprised that it has. Illogical.

Question Number Thirteen: Should you call out diffidently, "I say"? You should and do; but the knees have ears and hear not. Question Number Fourteen: What sort of questions could Miss Tjaak Smit and the sailors possibly have asked each other, and what is the Dutch for hand-winding gear? (Call it fourteen, all the same.)

This game isn't passing the time very quickly. Thought is a rapid process, and you have only been trapped for about fifteen seconds even now. Better change the subject, if only a point or two, and reflect on Marshal Tito's superior handling of these matters. According to the report you read, he arrived in Budapest by armoured train the other day, travelled over cautiously flooded sewers in a bullet-proof limousine between carefully selected crowds to Hungary's Parliament building, where he found that he was expected to step into a lift. But no. Marshal Tito is a busy man, with no time to ask himself

questions between floors. He "stopped short, shook his head and gestured with one hand. Obediently a functionary rode the elevator to the top, descended again in a trial run . . ." You reflect on the commonsense of this. Next time you intend riding in the lift to the gentlemen's wash-room you will have your functionary standing by . . .

You have still only been trapped for half a minute . . . Question Number Fifteen: How many questions can you ask yourself in seven and a half hours? Question Number Sixteen: As Time separates your stomach inexorably from your last meal, will you be able to exclude from your mind the already thrusting question, "Can you eat it?"

Question Number Seventeen: If you had to write that sentence down would you use two question-marks at the end or skimp with one and hope the readers wouldn't notice?

Question Number Eighteen: Who is the man in overalls stooping down outside the lift with his face upside down opposite yours, asking if you're stuck? By a lucky chance it is the engineer. He suggests to you that you press the button for the next floor and see what happens. What happens is that the lift glides smoothly up to the next floor, where you emerge after being trapped for nearly a minute. Question Number Nineteen: What made the lift stop? Question Number Twenty (by the engineer):

"Where was you standing when she stopped?" Answer (by you, stepping back in and lounging gracefully against the wall). "Here. Why?" (Twenty-one, but never mind.)

"Why? Because you've got your shoulder wedged agen the Stop button, that's why."

Briefly recapping, you see that the engineer is quite right, and you wonder, without making a question out of it, how Marshal Tito would have behaved if it had happened to him, and whether it was, perhaps, precisely what *did* happen to the four Dutch sailors, Miss Tjaak Smit and friends. The reports didn't say that it didn't, and they may have been enjoying the game.

J. B. B.

## Travelling Notes from Paris

"IN Edimbourg," said Mme. Boulot, "there are no curtains."

The object of last night's discussion was to make it clear that I, though English, was by no means the only one of Mme. Boulot's patrons who had travelled. It was after a particularly fanciful account of a voyage in the Pyrenees by M. Albert that Mme. Boulot made the above announcement.

"There are no curtains," she repeated, "in Edimbourg." She wiped the counter with an air of utter finality.

This was a direct challenge, and all heads turned towards me. The situation called for extremely delicate handling.

"I have not voyaged largely," I said carefully, "in Scotland. In effect, it is not since I was a small boy that I was in Edimbourg. I cannot well remember to have seen curtains. Of the other part, I do not remember *not* to have seen curtains."

Weak, you may say. Well, perhaps so—but you do not know Mme. Boulot's.

I sat back exhausted by diplomacy and syntax, feeling that I had at least gained time.

Mme. Boulot's sniff was eloquent. But the day was not yet hers: we do not accept defeat easily, even at her hands.

M. Albert, an ally of mine, came to my rescue.

"It is permitted to ask," he said in the sort of tone that indicates a question mark and an exclamation mark simultaneously, "when Madame was in Edimbourg?"

Mme. Boulot fixed him with a baleful eye.

"Before my marriage," she said coldly, "I was Miss to a family in Scotland—a family, besides, well-known and of a respectability the most impeccable."

M. Albert was stalled. The manifold experiences of Mme. Boulot prior to her linking her fate to that of the late Boulot may be the object of a certain scepticism in Rue Chameau, but none of us would dare to challenge them to her face.

"Windows," continued Mme. Boulot, "there are in Edimbourg. Even there are blinds, and shutters. But no curtains."

This subtle thrust and counter-thrust might have gone on for some time, and it was a relief when M. Jacques introduced a slight variation in topic.

"In Algiers," he said, "I have seen a native carrying a piano on his back."

Nobody said anything. We all know that M. Jacques' longest journey was in 1926, when he visited his aunt in Toulouse—but we are not petty-minded.

"When I was in Mozambique," said M. Jules, "I saw two natives carrying a grand piano on their backs. At the piano was a third native, playing—if I do not deceive myself—the 'Variations Symphoniques' of Debussy."

"Of César Franck," murmured M. Albert. M. Jules did not hear. He has a married sister in Mozambique, and it is his conviction that he has visited her at least twice. When under the spell of reminiscence he is oblivious to his surroundings.

"During the war of *quatorze*," said M. Robert, "when I was in Salonique, I have seen natives carrying huts,

complete with furniture, from one village to another."

The fact that M. Robert spent the years 1914–1918 behind the counter of his father's grocery is not unknown to most of us.

There is no knowing to what dizzy heights our imaginations might not have soared had it not been for the incursion into our group of a stranger who had been sitting in a corner listening.

"During the war of *quatorze*," he said suddenly, "a very singular thing happened to me near Verdun."

We regarded him with disfavour. It is not customary for a stranger to Mme. Boulot's to launch uninvited into personal recollections. No strangers are in fact ever invited to do so.

"I was walking along a road," went on the stranger imperturbably, "when all of a blow I perceived myself of a *poilu*."

With an effort M. Jules said "What was he doing?"

The stranger walked towards the door.

"He was carrying nothing but a rifle." He went out.

There was an offended silence. We are not, we hope, without a sense of humour, but this sort of thing has no appeal for us.

"At the end of the account," said Mme. Boulot, "there are no curtains in Edimbourg."

"Electioneers 3 G.E.C. P.A. Expotential Horn Speakers £8 each also large Bath £6." Adv. in "Birmingham Mail."

To drown the opposition?

## H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

THIS Belle-Lettre is one of those wide surveys with which, from time to time, I open magic casements in my readers' minds. My subject this time is Periodicals, and I have chosen it because my survey appears in a periodical and is therefore, as it were, topical.

A periodical is something to do with a period, so much is clear and certain; but what this period is I am unable to discover. It is more than twenty-four hours and less than however long it is that separates the various editions of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; but that is as near as I can get. A week or a month seem good average periods, but there are many unusual orbits, and my effort to make a graph of it all was defeated by a mag called *The Fortnightly* which is published every month: it is true, of course, that the exception proves the rule, but though this is obviously an exception I cannot for the life of me see what rule it proves.

One classification of the subject, if system we must have, is into pessimistic periodicals like the *Penguin New Writing*, optimistic periodicals like the *Penguin Science News*, and periodicals that by looking backwards instead of forwards escape the need for having an attitude to the future. An example of the last class is *Antiquity*, which shares with some of the film magazines a liking for peculiar camera angles. Another very retrospective periodical is *History*, which is so consistent in its attitude that it does not even review books until they are jacketed by Time's patina.

THE time has now come for me to enunciate a general rule: in fact my scientific training would make me slightly uncomfortable if I failed to do, and "The oral tends towards the written" is what this general rule surprisingly is. For example, actresses who delight all and sundry by the things they say on the stage feel an overwhelming urge to write their autobiographies; statesmen, after swaying the swayable by their oratory, publish their collected speeches; and the B.B.C., which began viva voce to the core, soon felt driven towards print. One of their productions is the *Radio Times*, the world's most ephemeral periodical, which they try to make look like an ordinary magazine and not just a very temporary time-table, though they know very well that nobody is going to buy it for the padding. The Correspondence provides a kind of link between Broadcasting and Dog-loving. Scarcely a week goes by but someone's dog does the cutest things on hearing the loudspeaker, and these artless tales provide never-ending material for professional humorists. The B.B.C.'s other main outlet is *The Listener*. If the chief trouble of the *Radio Times* is that it cannot get away from radio, the chief trouble of *The Listener* is that it cannot do the opposite. In a pathetic attempt to retain the illusion that it really is connected with Broadcasting, it prints at the end of its articles such ascriptions as "South Pacific Service"; but it takes a bit of imagination to believe Tahitian maidens sit round a hibiscus-wreathed set and listen to lectures on Locke's Theory of Knowledge or Culture Patterns of Polynesia.

THE weeklies read by boys have been thoroughly treated by Mr. George Orwell, whose essay on them has appeared so frequently that it is almost a periodical itself; but I have not seen any comparable treatment of periodicals read by the old. As one's tastes do not change much after middle-life I assume the old still read much the same type of literature as was appearing in Edwardian times; but I do not know where they find it. It would be worth the while

of some firm which did not wish to spend much on authors to buy up the rights in old magazines and republish them just as they were. How the aged would fight to snatch the new instalment of Sherlock Holmes from rival nonagenarians! As it is, many of these veterans must be sorely puzzled—all those magazines on ballet, for example, and nothing about Maud Allan.

Most periodicals take pride in differing from others, so that even the most casual reader would not confuse *Lilliput* and *The Classical Review*. But this does not apply in the case of school magazines, which are a very standardized form of folk art. Their principal aim is to advertise the school, and they would no more think of publishing dreadful revelations or taking the lid off things, than a local newspaper would of giving the low-down on the Chamber of Commerce. No British journalist is more at the mercy of his boss than the editor of the school magazine. The Royal Commission on the Press ought to look into it. All House journals like news of their products succeeding in the outside world, and any school with a really notable alumnus will plug him half a dozen times in a single issue. It is interesting to notice the way a school rates its old boys. Soldiers and Colonial Governors come well at the top; scientists do not count for much unless they are knighted; artists, writers and actors are mentioned apologetically, unless they hold some official position or title, when they are praised for that and not for their work. Industrialists, unless they give things to the school, farmers, wits and reformers, appear only in the obituary notices; criminals, however distinguished, never appear at all.

A CLASS of publication which is very important is the *Little Review*, aimed partly at contributors to other Little Reviews and partly at Posterity, which they hope will be about ready for them. In fact some Little Reviews have quite large circulations but they do not really care for this, believing that culture is confined to a minority and fearing that their standards may have got relaxed if subscribers begin to abound. It would probably be libellous to call the editor of a Little Review "successful." But some are in danger of getting invited into Rotary.

One seldom meets many of the most attractive periodicals except on the racks in public libraries, when one never has time to work down to them. A complete list can be found in *The Writers' and Artists' Year Book*, which is full of fascinating information, among such being that there is a periodical entirely devoted to Bottling, that *My Garden* requires stories with a "strong garden atmosphere," that the editor of the *Lion Rampant* is a practical crofter, and that for poems in *John o' London's Weekly* short lines are preferred. My favourite entry concerns the *Nuneaton Chronicle*—"Payment is not high; the editor is very courteous to contributors."

o o

### We Live and Learn.

"Professional candy-makers use glucose to keep the candy from graining. It . . . to many people is an objectionable material, though not so deleterious as supposed."

American recipe book published in 1902.

o o

"Elderly Lady's dark grey Model Coat trimmed Persian lamp £12."—*Advt. in Birmingham paper.*

Worth it. There may be a genie thrown in.



## A New Year Exhibition

**A**N enchanting New Year exhibition of works by nineteenth and twentieth century artists remains open at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, until the 29th of this month. Twenty years ago the Leicester shared with the old Goupil Gallery in Lower Regent Street the distinction of holding the liveliest and most enterprising exhibitions in London; and to-day the old building, which has seen the lights go out in Leicester Square but has maintained its walls undimmed, may justly claim to be the premier private gallery in town.

In the present show—the most fascinating of its kind I have seen in recent years—a place of honour has rightly been given to a great romantic canvas, "The Monument," by James Pryde. To those familiar with the achievement of this distinguished (and nowadays somewhat neglected) painter the title will suggest the subject and handling: a classical figure in the niche of a soaring arch which dwarfs the

foreground figures, outlined against a dramatic sky and invested, as all Pryde's monumental paintings are, with an air of grandeur and mystery. This noble work, which should not be overlooked by the Contemporary Art Society, is flanked by two unfamiliar Sickerts and almost overwhelms such other gems in the room as a warm "Nude Study," by Wilson Steer, a late Camille Pissarro "Effet de brouillard, Rouen," and an unusual Regent Street scene by Orpen, undated but evidently painted soon after the turn of the century.

The same catholic but discriminating taste is apparent in the choice of the drawings and water-colours in the first room. Here the visitor will be drawn to an exquisite little pastel of a Raker by Clausen, which may owe something to Millet but quite certainly owes far more to a hand and eye that never wearied of the Essex fields, an arresting "Landscape — Azores," by Bateson Mason, and a number of

notable Parisian drawings — among them a Toulouse-Lautrec sketch of a female clown, and some nude studies by Despiau whose influence on the younger sculptor-draughtsmen of the Latin Quarter I pointed out here a year ago.

John Piper, William Coldstream, Edward le Bas and Carel Weight are among our younger painters of promise and achievement who contribute to an exhibition which, for its rich variety, is unlikely to be matched this year.

N. A. D. W.

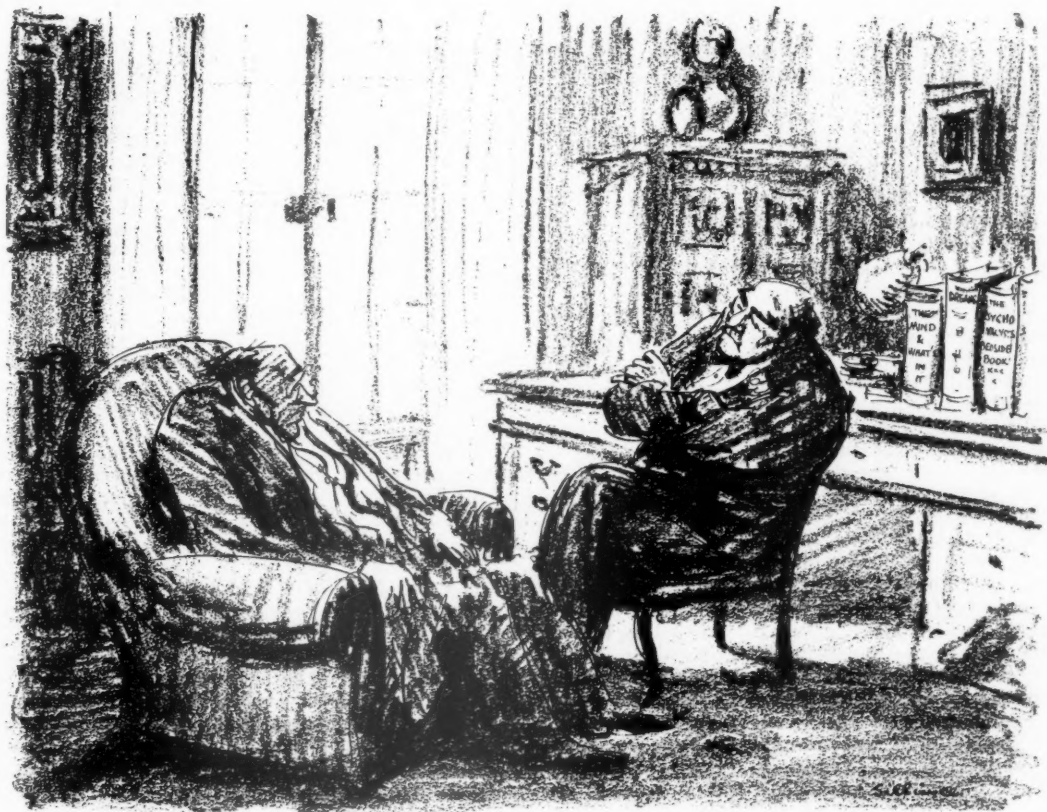
### To Him that Hath

"110 Sunbeams for Australia."

Headline in motor trade paper.

"Mr. Wallace referred specifically to Greece, and charged that the U.S. was not protecting Greece but guarding its rich oil lands. 'Why say Greece when we mean oil,' he said."—*Scottish paper*.

Question of spelling, isn't it?



"And when did you first discover that you didn't resent paying your taxes?"

**L**ITTLE theatres are difficult ports-of-call for the critic. If he comes out feeling he has seen something dismally bad, and says so, which is after all the poor man's job, he knows he has discouraged a lot of young enthusiasts, some of whom may have it in them to do far better; while if he is really impressed there is often at the back of his mind a carking suspicion that his approval is coloured by sympathy over technical snags only partially overcome, and that the same performance on a harder bitten stage would have left him colder. It is therefore perhaps worth reporting that I came away from *The Bolttons Revue* without any of these distressing complications, but only satisfied and delighted that here in a little theatre was a show which on the toughest terms demanded praise. Wit, taste, balance and, above all, the kind of spontaneous gaiety which bubbles up in a young and united team—how often one looks unavailing for these in the big, star-spangled revues of the West End, affairs in which lavish spending sometimes seems naively to have been expected to make up for lack of brains. In comparison very little can have been spent at the Bolttons, but the dividend in entertainment is remarkable.

There are, naturally, things to criticize—touches of the amateur, turns occasionally below the general level, some immature voices, dancing not always as polished as it might be; but these make a short list beside the tale of solid merit. The show goes with an irresistible swing. Mr. BILLY MILTON, who leads its determined attack himself, has injected a terrific will-to-win spirit in his talented youngsters. He has produced so cunningly that the tiny stage seems much larger than it is, and the changes are remarkably smooth and quick. Any intimate revue would have been glad of many of the lyrics, which are by a number of hands, Mr. MICHAEL TREFORD and Mr. JACK STRACHEY coming out strongest, with Mr. MILTON and Mr. ERIC MASCHWITZ each contributing a good item. The music is light and cheerful, and is mostly by Mr. STRACHEY, Mr. MILTON being a useful second; it

## At the Play

*The Bolttons Revue* (BOLTONS)—Variety (PALLADIUM)

is delivered expertly on two pianos by Mr. ROBB STEWART and Mr. KENNETH BROADBERRY. And the dresses and décor, mainly by Mr. GEOFFREY GHIN, get a splendid variety of effect in the most delightfully unpretentious way. Two vital questions remain. The answers are very simple. Has it charm? Undoubtedly. Ah, but is it funny? It is.

I ached in a rare and special manner over Mr. REG VARNEY's ventriloquist's dummy singing an Irish sedative. The

unrepentant hotel violinist he is also very funny. At the head of the distaff side, and fittingly, is Miss DAPHNE ANDERSON, who combines with good looks and a voice the sort of friendly humour which warms an audience. Her satire on a heavyweight dancing partner, who is invisible, is lacerating, and curiously touching is her lament for affection stolen by a horse. After these, and I am afraid more briefly than they deserve, I must mention Miss SHEILA MATHEWS, who has wit, and can sing sentimentally with disarming directness; Miss ROSALINE HADDON, amusing as an actress mourning her too great height; nimble Mr. DONALD REED, who arranged the dances; Miss PATRICIA DAINTON and Mr. JOHN WARWICK. And, certainly, the six bewitching ladies of the chorus.

Please note, there is no mush and there are very few of the easy topical gibes which tempt the harassed humorist. This is very much a social revue. Although the Bolttons, which is in Drayton Gardens, Kensington, is a club, you may join it for five shillings a year, and if only as an introduction to this refreshing diversion it is money well spent.

Film stars should seldom be seen on the stage. Mr. MICKEY ROONEY, at the Palladium, came through the ordeal better than most. He is not very amusing, but there is a rather engaging quality of eager adolescence about him to reinforce mimicry below the current standard and fooling which brings little that is novel. His expenditure of energy is prodigal. He appears to be a likeable and modest young man, and that is really that. As often happens in variety, the best turn came last, a man of genuine temperament, who rode a one-wheeled cycle up and down a small table while he juggled magnificently with a triad of bowler hats. The name of this distinguished artist is CHARLY (sic) WOOD. ERIC.

### Shock for Designer

"New Scots Engine Works"  
"Edinburgh Evening Dispatch."



[London Palladium]

BRETTON WOODS JIMMY JAMES HUTTON CONYERS MICKEY ROONEY

things he does to his face and the ghastly rasp of his voice are indescribable. He is a grand little comedian, and if he isn't well known in a few years I will send a guinea to any charity bar one the Cominform cares to suggest. Mr. MILTON has excellent stuff and puts it over beautifully; in particular, a song about a *parfumeur* exploiting the unusual in smells, another about a lonely fakir on a pier, and a cracker-jack in which he and Mr. RICHARD GILBERT are Edwardian ladies of the town. Mr. GILBERT is an acute and sophisticated observer of the contemporary scene, and a first-rate mimic. His best number, written by himself, takes off members of the crowd at the Royal Wedding, but as an

## At the Ballet

*Les Étoiles de la Danse* (ADELPHI)—  
*Les Rendezvous* (SADLER'S WELLS)

DURING the past week London ballet-goers have had some surprising and unusual things to see. They have seen a Diana who may or may not have been a Goddess of Hunting, but was certainly a Goddess of Chic; they have witnessed the sad spectacle of a Swan Princess out of her element; and they have watched a young dancer making her debut in the rôle of a great ballerina wearing, with what a beating heart one can imagine, the ballerina's own dress.

COLETTE MARCHAND, partnered by SERGE PERRAULT, was the luckless *Swan Princess*. She is one of the constellation of six *Étoiles de la Danse* now appearing in matinées of chamber ballet at the Adelphi Theatre. She is a fine dancer and her *Odette* is a poetic and lovely creature; but if *Lac des Cygnes* is reduced to a sequence of disjointed snippets without scenery or *corps de ballet*, and if the *Swan Princess*, who should be wafted to the arms of the Prince on the warm and perfume-laden airs of TSCHAIKOWSKY's orchestra, is blown at him instead by a cold and matter-of-fact blast from a piano marooned draughtily in a corner of the stage, she can be forgiven if she leaves her audience feeling chilly. Neither *Swan Princesses*, *Princes* nor audiences can long survive such conditions. SERGE LIFAR's *Romeo and Juliet*, danced by the same two dancers to TSCHAIKOWSKY's fantasy overture similarly dehydrated, suffered in the same way—but it is not a very inspiring ballet anyhow.

RENÉE JEANMAIRE also had a piano and no scenery for dancing SERGE LIFAR's *Aubade*, but enough remained of the polished irony of POULENC's *Concerto Chorégraphique*, even in its reduced version, to give her all she needed—an opportunity to be her sparkling self. She is the perfect and complete Parisienne in every line, every look, every gesture; so that for all the crescent moon on her brow, and however sharp her arrows, you cannot take this *Diane* seriously. Nor is it intended that you should. Or perhaps it is—it makes no difference. You are content to see her dainty figure, her piquant face, the perfect cut of her brief Grecian dress, her elegance, poise and gay smile—not to mention her coiffure offset by the crescent moon. Her *Actéon*, VLADIMIR SKOURATOFF, with his perfect proportions and his grace, strength and romantic air is nearly, though not quite, a great



"Now, you girls who are doing water-colour this term . . ."

dancer. ANA NEVADA has made the Spanish style her own and dances in beautiful costumes with fiery grace and supple, sensuous movements, adding the clatter of castanets to the pounding rhythms of the Spanish dances played, rather noisily but with much verve, by RAFAEL ARROYO.

ELAINE FIFIELD is a new Australian starlet now in the ascendant at Sadler's Wells with the Theatre Ballet. The revival of *Les Rendezvous*, in which she danced the leading rôle, was a success and must have been thrilling for this young artist, for she danced Markova's rôle wearing Markova's own smoke-grey dress and red flowers.

D. C. B.

### Lincolnshire Cane Shortage

"Over 1,000 children at the Glead Modern Secondary School, Spalding, Lincolnshire, are to have an unexpected fortnight's holiday because of a breakdown in the school beating."—*Egyptian paper*.

## At the Opera

*I Quattro Rusteghi* (SADLER'S WELLS)

WOLF-FERRARI's comic opera *I Quattro Rusteghi* came back to the repertoire at Sadler's Wells last week with ROSE HILL in her rôle of *Lucinda*, daughter of an insufferable father who plans to marry her to a young man she has never seen. Miss HILL is delightful, and HOWELL GLYNNE as her father and NORA GRUHN as *Lady Pinchbeck* are equally good; but this charming opera's transmutation from conventional Italian comedy into a broad English one is still as unpleasing as it seemed last year. Much could be gained by the elimination of the clothes-line from the setting and of the whole slapstick outlook that it symbolizes. In such artists as those we have mentioned the producer has ready to his hand first-class material that deserves better of him. D. C. B.





"Why should I work? I've done nothing wrong."

### Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

## Tongues in Trees

WHEN John Evelyn's house was taken over by Czar Peter, that "right nasty" inmate amused himself by riding through "a most glorious and impenetrable holly-hedge" in a wheel-barrow. War has abused English woodlands in much the same fashion; and it is to augment a fund for the replanting of our countryside that the greatest international body of tree-planters has asked Evelyn's descendant, Miss RUTH CRESSWELL, to compile *Spirit of the Trees* (SOCIETY OF THE MEN OF THE TREES, ABBOTSBURY, 12/6). Miss V. SACKVILLE-WEST stresses the beauty and utility of trees in the perfect preface to this delightful anthology. Three hundred and fifty poems re-echo her. Poets being poets, poplars—only useful as wind-breaks or to dry up wet ground—hold the inspirational record. But the poplar's dirge, whether chanted by Cowper or Hopkins, might surely have been capped by the passing of Dorset Barnes' "gre't elem tree." Richard Garnett's "Wood Fires" (from *Antipater of Sidon*) heads a series of less disinterested tributes to potential fuel, furniture and shipping—but not, so far, nylons and news-sheet. The most nostalgic of all tree poems, Kipling's "Lichtenberg," is jettisoned for his commonplace and derivative "Tree Song." This is perhaps forgivable in view of the book's purpose, a purpose to which all lovers of sylvan England should, in every sense of the word, subscribe.

H. P. E.

### Some Interesting Reminiscences

Mr. ARTHUR PORRITT, who came up from Warrington in 1890 and later edited *The Christian World*, has met or observed at close quarters a very large number of well-known persons, from John Bright to Dr. Frank Buchman, and has included excellent stories about most of them in

*More and More of Memories* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 12/6). In his youth Mr. PORRITT put W. G. Grace's reminiscences into shape, and hoped for an inscribed copy, but did not receive one—perhaps, he suggests, because Grace was diffident about using the ordinary formula: "With the author's best wishes." All the Prime Ministers from Gladstone to Mr. Churchill appear, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, rather surprisingly, getting the best story. Pressed by the Free Church Council Committee to include an important Nonconformist in his ministry, Campbell-Bannerman asked the Committee to pray that God might guide him in his choice of ministers and was thus enabled to ignore their recommendation. Our ambiguous language is illustrated by the occasion when the House of Commons ironically cheered the Secretary of State for War who at a muddled stage of the South African campaign opened a statement with—"Intelligence has reached the War Office." There is an engaging and rather touching story of Horatio Bottomley, whom Mr. PORRITT sweepingly calls the greatest criminal of his time. A Member of Parliament who had been in the House with Horatio Bottomley visited Maidstone Prison one day and came upon Bottomley stitching mailbags. "Sewing?" he asked. "Reaping," Bottomley replied.

Н. К.

## A Story of the Theatre

If Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY's new book, *Jenny Villiers* (HEINEMANN, 10/6), had begun at the beginning we should have had only a sad romantic little stage-story of the eighteen-forties, robust and conventional in its treatment of the manager, his lady and the "comic"; and (alas!) too-too conventional concerning the young leading lady and the juvenile lead, Julian Napier. For Julian brought "trouble" to his pretty Jenny before he joined a grander theatrical company, and then Jenny died in a decline. She died answering the call "Overture and Beginners" (oh, pretty theatrical touch!)—"My call," said Jenny, smiling and triumphant, 'my call.'" Before that she said a very good thing indeed—"Heigh-ho, the wind and the rain . . . That's sad too. I don't know why it should be, but it is. And he meant it to be, you know." There the real Mr. PRIESTLEY, responding in a flash to the flash of gold, speaks through his Jenny. But the trappings of the story—of the *outer* story that depends for its "effects" on ghosts in a green-room, a glove that keeps flopping on to the floor, an ardent young actress (reincarnation, one is supposed to accept, of Jenny) and a tired manager, drugged by doctors' pills and hypnotized by them and Jenny into belief once more in the theatre and himself—are pinchbeck in comparison. The robust story is slurred and the story outside the story is muddled except for occasional gleams. If only Mr. PRIESTLEY could have planted his "Good Companions" into a "Benighted" setting what a story we might have had!

B. E. B.

B. E. B.

## Tables and Chairs

Mr. DAVID REEVES, who has written the most interesting of all books on *Furniture* (FABER, 16/-), loathes the "crude comfort" of to-day, the sloppy habits it engenders and its depressing effects on the workers who minister to it. Yet he seems to think that mass-production is inevitable, and that there is something iniquitously exclusive in the possession of a distinguished home. Your beautiful furniture, however, need be no more discreditable than Charles Lamb's Elizabethan folios. Back your fancy; but begin with essentials. Furnish a kitchen and a bedroom, and you will probably be able to patronize the modest sort of craftsman who abounded in France and Italy before the war, and was

not so rare in England but that he might still be resuscitated. Mr. REEVES' "explanatory history"—which is not a collector's handbook—should be used to inform personal taste with expert knowledge of what is worth painfully acquiring and proudly tending. Having reviewed the technique of furniture-making from the Stone of Scone to the "lounge" suite, he lists briefly the outstanding points of French and English period furniture, noting that French provincial furniture was always better than that of the fashion-ridden capital. English furniture survived the one attempt made at dictatorship—that of Charles II—only to give way before the advance of industrialism. H. P. E.

### Tales of Asia

Count GOBINEAU was introduced to the English early in this century as a thinker who had on certain points anticipated Nietzsche, with whom he shared a disbelief in the brotherhood of man and a not altogether unqualified preference for the Nordic branches of the human race. Minister of France at Teheran, he studied the Orient at close quarters and wrote a number of short stories designed to illustrate his theory that "men are nowhere the same," and that there is an essential difference between the Asiatics and the Occidentals. Readers of his charming *Tales of Asia* (GEOFFREY BLES, 10/6), excellently translated by Mr. J. LEWIS MAY, may be puzzled to detect the fundamental differences insisted upon by Count GOBINEAU. The hero of "The War with the Turcomans," for example, is a likeable youth who falls in love with a very attractive girl, but not so violently that he does not try to win her as cheaply as possible. She is too clever for him, but neither her double dealing nor his experiences, first as a husband and later as a conscript, would be out of place in a story of French life. Again, the conflict between love and power in "The Illustrious Magician" differs only superficially from the same kind of conflict in a European setting; the troubles of the ill-starred "Lovers of Kandahar" could easily be matched west of Suez; and the "Dancer of Shamalka" seems quite as much inspired by the French Romantics as by the author's knowledge of the Middle East. H. K.

### Inn Signs

Church and pub are even more closely related than their proximity in the village pattern would suggest. The "Catherine Wheel," changed by the Puritans, with their unflinching sense of fun, to the "Cat and Wheel," derives from the horrible engine on which St. Catherine was done to death, while many of the older "Stars" owe their name to the Star of Bethlehem. But these clerical links are only one corner of the large field surveyed in lively fashion by Mr. REGINALD TURNOR in *The Spotted Dog* (SYLVAN PRESS, 12/6). The other chief associations are with history—the Plantagenet "White Hart," the "Royal Clarence," and the "Nautical William"; with heraldry and local families—the "Hand and Flower" and the "Methuen Arms"; with beasts, of which every village has its specimen, and with occupations, such as the ubiquitous "Plough." In addition there are curiosities like the "Whistling Oyster" in Vinegar Yard, where Mr. Punch's first Staff kept up its strength; and here it is disillusioning to learn that the "God Encompasseth Us" theory for the "Goat and Compasses" doesn't hold water, much less mild-and-bitter, for the sign comes far more convincingly from the arms of the Cordwainers' Company. In this category Mr. TURNOR might have included the charming "Rose Revived,"

a title celebrating the happy renewal of a defunct licence. Fishes rather stump him, and he should have hooked the "Pike and Eels" of East Anglia with his "Trout" and "Dolphins." He takes the opportunity to work off a good deal of personal steam on such whims as his hatred of Henry VIII, his repugnance to cats and, strangest of all, his distaste for the lovely, clean-shaven curves of Wiltshire. But not unamusingly. E. O. D. K.

### Play-the-Gamesmanship

It has been obvious for some time that the younger generation is in danger of losing its reverence for traditional British sportsmanship. The losing side still gives three hearty cheers for the winners, the winners still argue that the better team has lost, but such gestures have become mere formalities, meaningless symbols of "Nice Chapmanship." Now, with the appearance of *The Theory and Practice of Gamesmanship* or "The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating" (RUPERT HART-DAVIS, 6/-), the decline is shown to be much more serious. The book is so timely that it is almost embarrassing, for Mr. STEPHEN POTTER has been unable to hide his preoccupation with the forthcoming struggles for the "Ashes" and the Olympic crowns. Still, it may not be unfair to counter the superior nutritive intake of our opponents with a subtler line in gamesmanship. Mr. POTTER's gambits and moves are not all new. He wins his games, as so many games have been won, in the committee-room, the dressing-room or the luncheon tent. He blinds his adversaries with Science, destroys their confidence by clever word-play ("Henry Cotton made this for me—he never plays with any other"), and floors them by strategic "Drinkmanship." The main argument is supported by a number of useful appendices, one of which deals with the problem of Dr. W. G. Grace's beard—"True or False?" It is but slight criticism of an otherwise deliciously funny book to deplore the re-opening of this well-worn controversy. A few tactful words on "Losemanship" as applied to Bradman would be so much more valuable. A. B. H.



"Mee-ow . . . Mian . . . Mee-ow."



## Can We Afford Bradman?

IT has happened once: it can easily happen again. Any time now we may find ourselves heavily engaged in a second Commonwealth-shattering dispute over cricket. Lord Wavell some time ago fired the first shots in a struggle which may come to be known as the Great Bread-line Controversy, and it is only a matter of time, surely, before Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. Isaacs let fly an official volley.

From Field-Marshal Lord Wavell's tentative analysis of the economics of cricket to an exchange of cablegrams between the M.C.C. and the Australian Board of Control is, I think, a natural and inevitable sequence. I can see it all so plainly . . .

*Memo. from Mr. Isaacs to Statistics Branch, Ministry of Labour:*

"Where can I lay my hands on a chart showing probable attendance industry by industry at Australian matches in Britain next summer? Urgent."

*Memo., S.B. to Mr. Isaacs:*

"Happy undertake inquiry. Have you *Wisden* 1935-39?"

*Report presented to Mr. Isaacs by S.B.:*

"We have now completed our

examination of the economic prospects for the Australian tour of 1948. Assuming that weather permits play on ninety days the gross attendance for all matches should be in the region of 900,000. This is equivalent to about 6,000,000 man-hours of attendance. At 3s. 3d. per hour this would mean a loss in production of approximately £1,000,000.

"The following table shows how this loss would be distributed:

Industry	Man-hours	Value (£)
Mining ..	1,100,000	178,700
Engineering ..	1,250,000	203,100
Steel ..	600,000	97,250
Cotton ..	50,000	8,125
Wool ..	85,000	13,812
Hardware ..	17,000	2,762
Food and Drink	1,500,000	243,750
Transport ..	90,000	15,625
Tinker's Cuss and other Salaried Services ..	1,308,000	236,876
	6,000,000	£1,000,000

"Expressed wholly in terms of coal 6,000,000 man-hours would be roughly equivalent to 1,100,000 tons or an

extra three hundredweight for every household in Britain.

"We draw your attention to the fact that these figures relate solely to the projected Australian tour. If the county cricket programme as a whole were considered the results would be even more startling. Moreover, we have confined our inquiry to *direct* loss of production only: the ancillary losses (arising from a redistribution of transport and catering services) must be very heavy."

*Mr. Isaacs to Mr. Attlee:*

"If Bradman is fit enough to make the trip to Britain next summer we are just about up the spout. (See attached memo.)."

*Mr. Attlee to the M.C.C.:*

"Can you possibly cut Australian tour to half a dozen matches? Alternatively, can you appeal privately to Bradman, asking him to stand down? (See attached memo.)."

*M.C.C. to Australian Board of Control:*

"Visit of Don Bradman would gravely embarrass Socialist Government here. Can you direct him into some essential industry or something? Letter and memo. following."

*Australian Board of Control to M.C.C.:*

"Bradman position still uncertain. Sympathize but powerless."

*M.C.C. to Australian Board of Control:*

"Matter urgent. Situation of utmost gravity. Bradman must be stopped."

*Australian Board of Control to M.C.C.:*

"Windy?"

*M.C.C. to Mr. Attlee:*

"Wash our hands whole affair."

*Mr. Attlee to Mr. Don Bradman:*

"DEAR DON,—How are you? I hope your fibrositis isn't proving too troublesome again. The weather here is dreadful—rain, fog and bitter cold. Been like it for months, and the Met. Office says there's no chance of any improvement next summer. Funny, isn't it, how we *never* seem to get two decent summers running! Now this *last* summer was beautiful, tropical almost. But we'll have to pay for it in full *next* summer—you mark my words!

"Wally Hammond wishes to be remembered to you. He didn't play at all last year. Getting on a bit, I suppose. Can't expect to keep going for



ever, can you though? This fibrositis is the *very* deuce—especially in our damp climate.

"Ah, well, must close now.

Yours sincerely,

C. R. ATTLEE.

P.S.—It's simply pouring!"

That's roughly how I imagine the wordy battle will begin. By the end of February the wires should really be humming.

Yes, Lord Wavell has certainly something to answer for. HOD.

o o

#### Under Your Hat

"PANAMA SECRET"

Heading in "Daily Herald."

o o

#### Indoor Sports

"Ginger Male Kitten, good home; Football for boy 12 years."

Advt. in Devon paper.

## Oolitenment for All

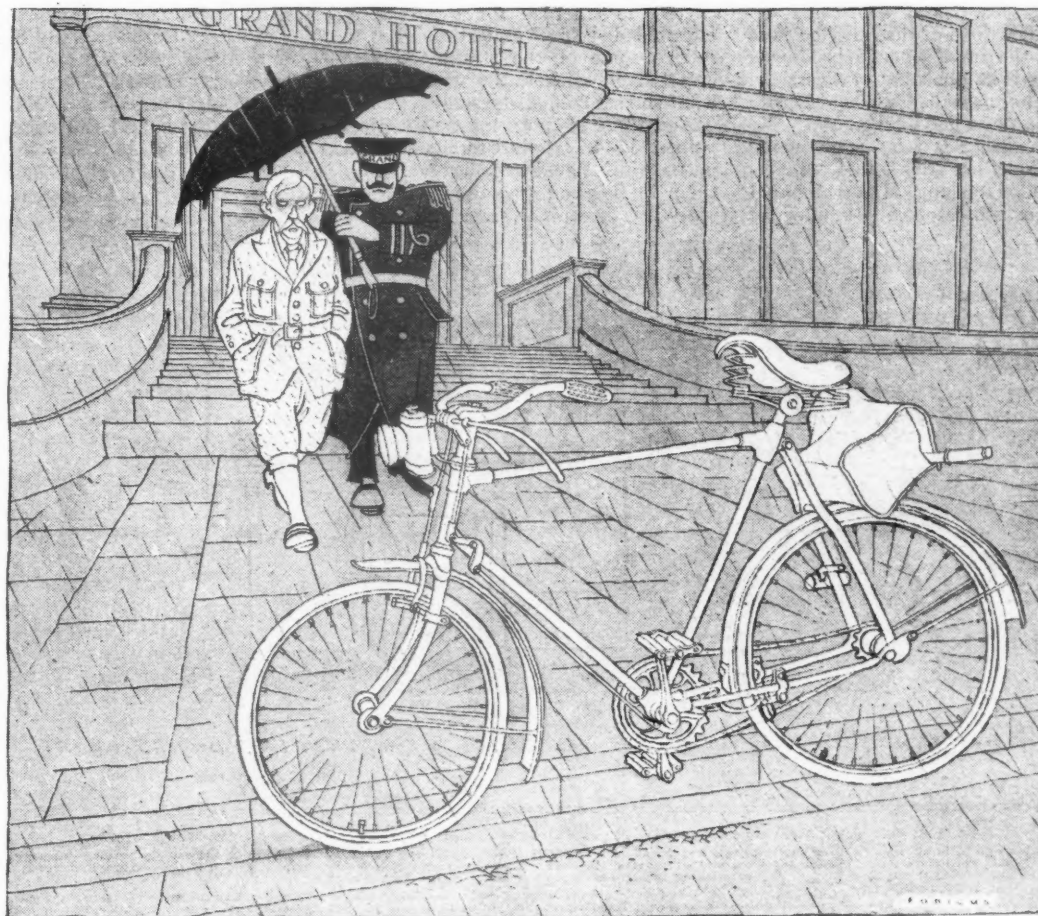
I AM learning, in these first few pregnant weeks of 1948, to think quite differently about England, and when I say England I beg readers in Donaghadee and Rudha Hunish and Llanbwyllygwlch to save their twopence-halfpennies for some other cause. They know perfectly well what I mean. I say England because Shakespeare said it, and any local rearrangements since negotiated are by the way.

Now I expect you think England consists of earth in the summer and mud in the winter, and that here and there it is a bit lumpy. I confess that this was my own impression, but how wildly wrong we were! England isn't really a country at all, but the most hilarious muddle of ill-assorted ingredients a jigsaw fanatic could possibly have devised, and I am without doubt that if only the whole of England could be shovelled on to the slide of a

microscope the gnawing temptations of pokerwork and beagling and basketball would never be felt again. You will scarcely credit the fascinating rubbish that goes to make England.

What has wrought this great change in me can be purchased for half a crown and easily gummed to the dining-room ceiling. It is called The Geological Map of the British Islands, and at first sight it is indistinguishable from one of those coloured charts of a toper's interior which, in ampler days, used to be distributed outside licensed premises.

A moment's examination, however, will show this to be the farther-reaching document. It reminds us bluntly though with the most colourful artistry that J. Caesar only withdrew yesterday afternoon and that for an unimaginably long time before that England was no more than a prototype



blob in a cosmic crucible, being subjected to gruelling tests of large-scale battery and arson to make absolutely sure it was going to be a worthy foundation for the likes of you and me.

The reason I have stuck this map in my dining-room is that its message, expressed in a complicated code of colours and numbers, is a good deal more than anyone can be expected to take in immediately on three ounces of butter a week. My plan is to absorb a small slice of the National Crust with my cereal each morning, and already I am in a position to electrify any company in which I find myself. Suppose Westmorland crops up, as it did about two billion years ago, someone is likely to make a misty reference to the Lakes, and someone else, before being gagged and thrown out, is bound to begin reciting Wordsworth's "Idiot Boy." This is where, armed with my new equipment, I step in and say, slowly and in a voice charged with awe: "Is there not something strange and grand about the way the Silurian marches into the Igneous at the head of Windermere, and something infinitely audacious in that tiny oasis of Felsite to the east?" Short of producing a real egg from one's hat or a certified lock of Stalin's hair, one could hardly wish for a more galvanic gambit.

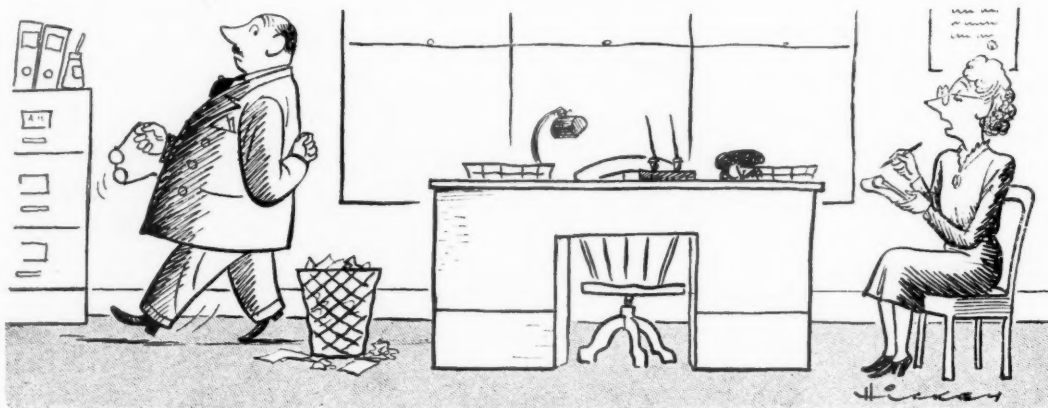
We English have been ploughing and reploughing the same conversational strip too long. If the campaign to make us geotectonically-minded, of

which this readable article is only the opening, goes as well as it should I hope very shortly to find elderly men duelling with umbrellas in third-class carriages about the sedimentary strata of Surbiton, and to see golfers pausing in mid-swing at key-moments of the British Championship to prod the fairway eagerly for plutonic evidence of the Noachian Deluge. I hope to see young people button-holing one another with chunks of stuff in holiday hotels and crying: "I say, Winifred, just get an eyeful of this wizard bit of calcareous travertine, or do you think it might even be silicious sinter?" And I hope that very soon there will come a day when, leaning contemptuously across the Dispatch Box, a pillar of the Government will vary the present deplorable aridity of Parliamentary language by exclaiming: "As far as I am concerned the Member for Old Red Sandstone is talking the most complete radiolarian ooze." It will readily be seen how much more tolerable life in these islands will become the moment our vocabulary is sufficiently fossiliferous for the epic of Hornblende-schist and the like to relieve some of the strain too long imposed on cricket, the weather and what she ses to me, she ses.

And there is another very practical point. We wish to lure foreigners with pockets full of gold to come and empty them in this country, though admittedly it is difficult to see on what they

can empty them at present besides views of the church (1907) taken from the Old Cemetery, and perhaps a clothes-peg or two if they are lucky. Still, such is our wish. In our palmy days, for reasons too unfathomable to go into here, Shakespeare's Birthplace and Burns's Deathplace and Milton's Fireplace were unfailing magnets for foreign custom, but we must remember in assessing the uphill struggle of the Travel Association that these were solidly reinforced by ample helpings of steak-and-kidney pudding and Stilton cheese and also by rivers of beer which, though they struck oddly on civilized palates, had quite a nice effect if persevered with. The pressing question now is, with what can we divert the attention of the foreigner who has Come To Bask At Glorious Oysterpool from the fact that it may well be raining every day, that spare parts are unobtainable for the pin-table on the pier, and that he is losing weight rapidly? What better, I say, than with the geological approach to public relations, an entirely novel and therefore an entirely gripping idea?

Let us say to the wealthy foreigner, ever on the alert for a new and exciting sensation: "Come to Palæontological Oysterpool, Where the Age-Old Dramas of the Mesozoic and the Tertiary can be examined Side-by-Side in all the Rugged Grandeur of Pliocene and Keupar-Marl! And bring your mother and your microscope!" ERIC.



"Would you mind repeating the bit that came between your desk and the wastepaper basket?"

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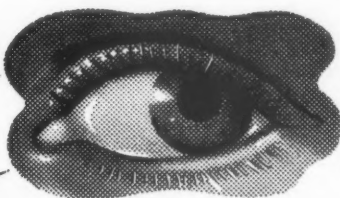
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# BRITISH RAILWAYS

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*the*

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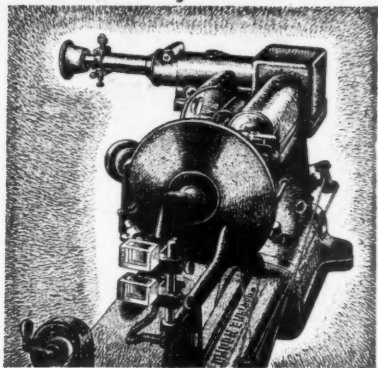
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## By Candlelight

A woman buying an evening dress prefers not to choose the shade in daytime, because she knows that it may look different by artificial light. Colour depends on the nature of the light that falls upon the pigment or dye. The white light of the sun is a mixture of many coloured lights, ranging from red to violet. When it falls upon a poppy, a substance in the petals absorbs all except the red rays. These are reflected to the eye, and give the impression of redness. Similarly, grass looks green because it reflects the green rays and absorbs the other colours. Few coloured substances, however, reflect one sort of light to the complete exclusion of all the rest. Poppy-red reflects some blue, and grass-green some blue and yellow. Hence, grass seen by a pure green light would not have quite the same appearance as in daylight, since there would be no blue or yellow for it to reflect. Facts of this kind make it imperative for the British dyestuffs chemist to know exactly what kinds of light each dye reflects. For such information he relies on the spectrophotometer. Here the coloured light from the dye is spread out by a prism or fine grating into its colour components, enabling the quantity of each component to be measured on a graduated scale. Such data are essential, for example, when blending dyestuffs for colour photography or studying the behaviour of dyes in sunlight and artificial light. The British chemical industry has available at the service of the nation much valuable information on the colour characteristics of dyestuffs and is constantly working to enlarge it.



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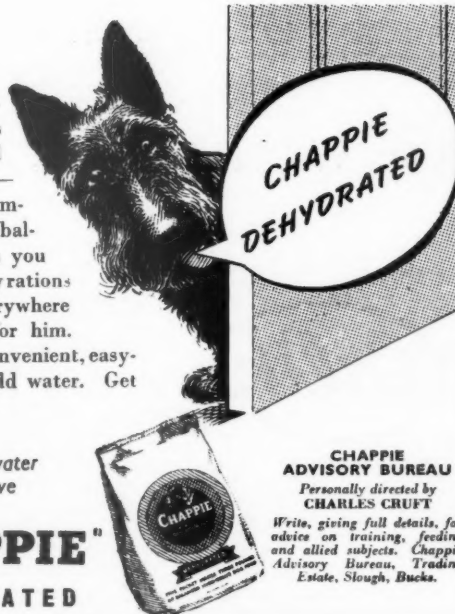


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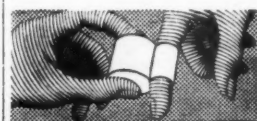
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Here are some recipes for main-meal dishes that are tempting and satisfying, for the days when you have to "go easy" with potatoes. You'll find, too, that they help out with the meat ration. Each serves four, and has been kitchen-tested.

#### Mexican Macaroni

6 oz. macaroni, 2 level tablespoons chopped onion or leek,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. dripping, 2 level tablespoons flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint macaroni water, gravy browning, 2 level teaspoons salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  level teaspoon pepper, 4 oz. grated cheese.

Cook the macaroni in boiling salted water until tender, about 20 minutes; strain and save the liquor. Fry the onion or leek in the dripping until golden brown, stir in the flour and fry to a good brown colour. Add the macaroni water and bring to the boil, stirring all the time. Cook for 5 minutes, colour with a few drops of gravy browning if necessary and add the seasoning and nearly all the cheese. Mix in the macaroni and turn into a fireproof dish. Sprinkle with the remaining cheese and brown under the grill or in a hot oven. Serve with root vegetables and greens.

#### Shepherd's Pie without Potatoes

4 oz. semolina,  $\frac{1}{2}$  bay leaf, 1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$  level teaspoons salt, pinch of ground nutmeg, pinch of pepper, 1 pint stock and milk.

FILLING: 2 level tablespoons chopped onion or leek,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. cooking fat or dripping, 2 level tablespoons flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint stock (or water), 1 level teaspoon meat extract.



(S189)

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

$\frac{1}{2}$ -1 level teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper, 8 oz. chopped cook meat.

Blend the semolina and seasonings to a smooth paste with a little of the liquid, bring the remainder to the boil and pour on to the blended semolina. Mix well, return to the pan, stir until it boils and boil for 5 minutes. Remove the bay leaf. Fry the onion in the melted fat until it is brown, work in the flour and gradually add the stock, seasoning and meat. Stir until it boils and boil gently for 5 minutes. Spread half the semolina at the bottom of a fireproof dish, add the meat mixture and cover with the remaining semolina. Brown under the grill or in a hot oven. Serve with root vegetables and greens.

#### Winter Pudding

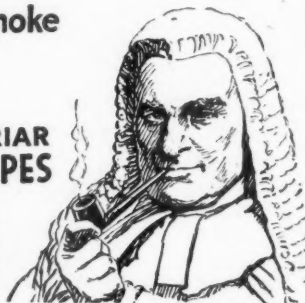
8 oz. plain flour and 4 level teaspoons baking powder or 8 oz. self-raising flour, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  level teaspoons salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  level teaspoon pepper, 2 oz. cooking fat, 8 oz. cooked meat, minced, 8 oz. onion or leeks, chopped, water to mix,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint thick brown gravy.

Mix the flour, baking powder if used, and seasonings together. Rub or grate in the fat and add the meat and onion. Mix to a stiff dough with water and put the mixture into a greased basin (1 $\frac{1}{2}$  pint size). Cover with greased paper and steam for about 2 hours. Serve hot with gravy, root vegetables and greens.

## All shrewd Judges smoke

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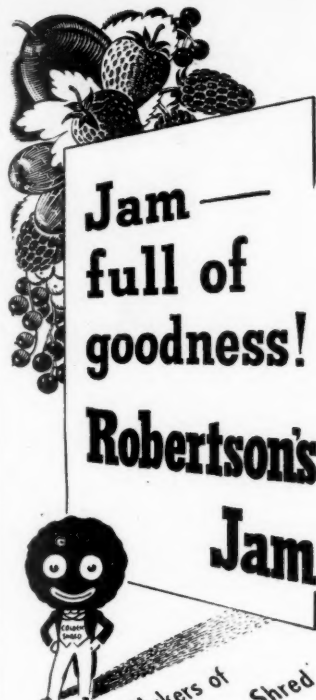
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## COURTAULDS

IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

No. 5 LEIGH, LANCASHIRE

COURTAULDS have two rayon weaving mills at Leigh, in the heart of Lancashire's cotton and coal industries. One is Brook Mill, the other is Bedford New Mill.

Half a century ago Courtaulds had been conducting a thriving silk manufacturing industry in North Essex for over 70 years. But they could not expand there because of insufficient labour; so, in 1898, for the first time they started manufacture elsewhere — at Brook Mill, Leigh, which they purchased and extended.

Eight years later, when the Company started making its new viscose rayon yarn at Coventry, it was decided to prove the yarn's qualities by weaving it at Leigh as well as in the Essex mills. In this way one of Lancashire's cotton towns shared in the early development of the British rayon industry.

The world demand for rayon fabrics led in 1918 to Courtaulds acquiring their second mill in the town — Bedford New Mill. Extended and re-equipped, this also wove viscose rayon yarn into linings and materials for dresses, blouses, shirts, pyjamas and other apparel.

In 1939, with 130 years' experience dating back to the old hand-loom days, Courtaulds gave a lead to the rayon textile industry by installing at Bedford New Mill over 300 of the most modern American automatic looms, specially built to weave rayon fabrics. This production unit was opened to any British manufacturer desiring to inspect it.

During the war both mills at Leigh produced parachute and other cloths for the armed forces as well as materials for civilian needs.

Today about 800 of Courtaulds' 22,000 employees in the United Kingdom are busy in these two mills, contributing a growing share towards the national production of rayon fabrics.

*This is one of a series of statements to inform the public of some part of the contribution made by Courtaulds' industrial enterprise to economic well-being in various districts of the United Kingdom.*

Issued by Courtaulds Ltd., 16 St. Martins-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.



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P.691a